ALDERSGATE YEAR 1963

A special issue commemorating the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's heartwarming experience May 24, 1738, at a prayer meeting on Aldersgate Street, London.

Together®

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

MAY/1963

Wesley takes Aldersgate to the people (stained-glass window at First Methodist Church, Ansonia, Connecticut).

It Happened O

The Man . . . John Wesley, founder of worldwide Methodism, was born in 1703 at Epworth Rectory near England's foggy east coast. Till he was 35, the career of this scholarly little clergyman (he stood five feet four) was not notable. Change came suddenly—and henceforth, says a biographer, "He enjoyed the profoundest tranquility whilst creating around him the most intense excitement." At 87 he died. His tomb at City Road Chapel, London, records that he was *in zeal, ministerial labours, and extensive usefulness, superior, perhaps, to all men since the days of St. Paul.*

This likeness by Romney is in the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

The Time and Place . . . The 18th century was not England's most glorious era. Americans remember it as a time when injustice and arrogance of the motherland touched off a tea party in Boston harbor and a revolution.

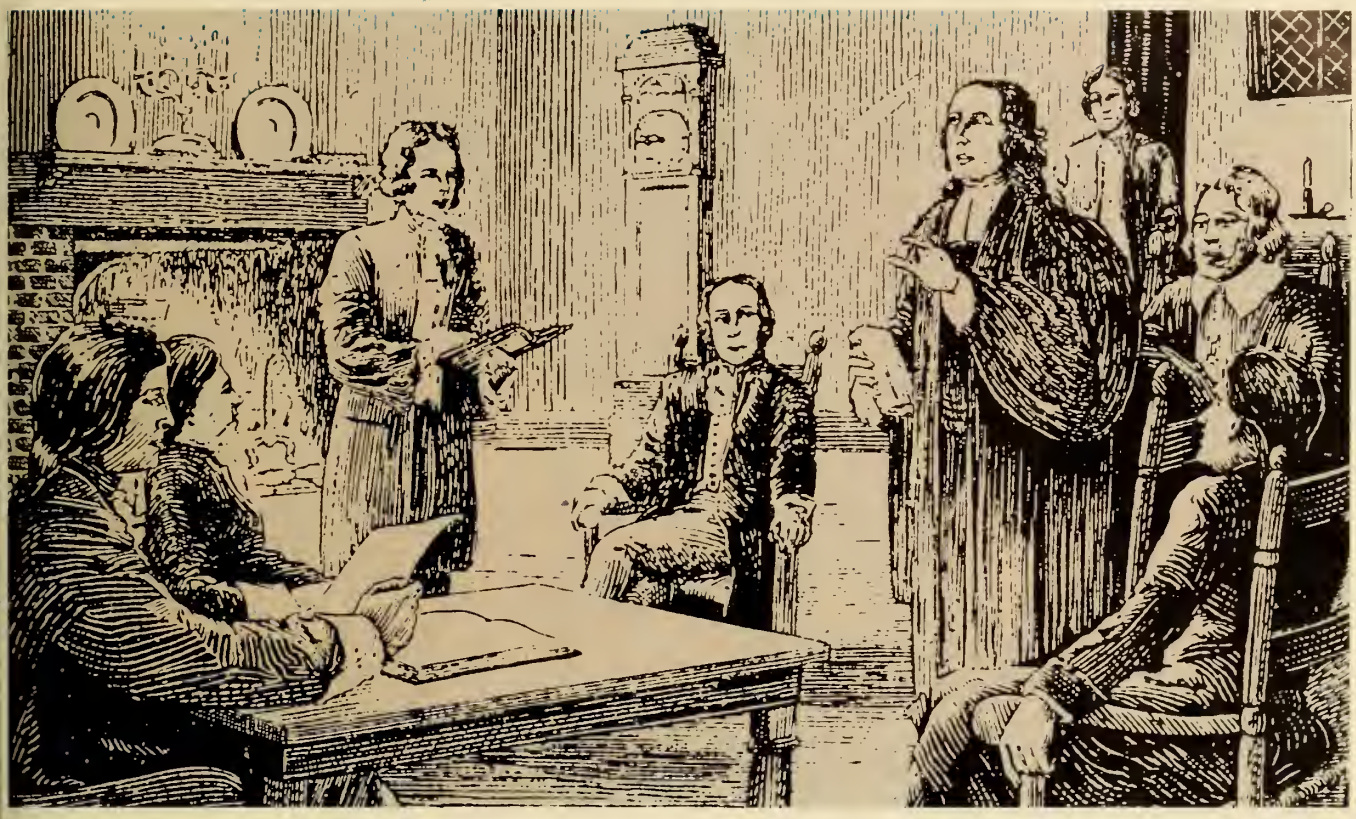
Even British historians are caustically critical of what went on in their islands. Thomas Carlyle, for example, summed up his opinion of England as "soul extinct, stomach well alive." John Richard Green, historian of the English people, wrote of "a revolt against religion and churches . . . new political and material channels opened to human energy were producing a new indifference . . . Purity and fidelity to marriage were out of fashion."

Now, Wednesday, May 24, 1738 . . . Unlike so many of his more comfortable countrymen, John Wesley was sorely troubled about his own soul. Back in London, he had sad memories of two years as a missionary to settlers and Indians in Georgia. He had left especially wretched because he had not realized his love for a girl till she had wed another. Most of all, he was troubled about his own inadequate faith which was "in the head and not in the heart."

At 4 a.m. that day, he rose as usual for prayer and study. That afternoon, at St. Paul's Cathedral, an anthem caught his mood . . .

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

ight 225 Years Ago in London...



The Event . . . "In the evening," John Wesley wrote, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street." Some unnamed person was reading from Martin Luther's notes on Paul's Epistle to the Romans when, "about a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed.*" To Wesley came a flood of confidence and trust in Christ for his salvation.

Many painters have put on canvas numerous incidents in Wesley's life, but apparently only a forgotten woodcut artist had pictured the Aldersgate moment (above) till TOGETHER challenged Jack White, Methodist layman and an artist distinguished for character portrayal, to depict Wesley's heart-warming experience. His reverent study on pages 40-41 highlights this issue.

The Ongoing Results . . . Psychologists and theologians still discuss factors that led Wesley to his Aldersgate experience. But historian W. E. H. Lecky, mindful of how Methodist fervor lifted Britain's morals and morale, asserts "the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history."

He could have written the same for America. By 1784, the Revolution had cut transatlantic state-ecclesiastical ties. The founder of Methodism, acknowledging the "logic of events" and "the very uncommon train of providences," gave his reluctant nod to American Methodists to organize as a church. Today, there are 43 units in the World Methodist Council which represent a community of some 42 million persons.

SEE "EMPIRE" IN COLOR, NBC-TV, TUESDAYS

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The Church in Action

Members of First Methodist Church, Savannah, Tenn., pull plow together in Aldersgate Year groundbreaking for new $250,000 plant to better serve a growing congregation.

Are We Methodists Growing Fast Enough?

The News: Methodism's current emphasis upon revived spiritual life will reach its high point of the year on Friday, May 24—the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's heartwarming experience at Aldersgate.

Church leaders are hopeful it will stall, even reverse, an alarming membership trend which has seen Methodism's growth lag behind the United States' exploding population rate. [See *Methodism's 'Emphasis' to Be 'The Warmed Heart,'* January, page 3, and *Laymen Call on Unchurched in Nationwide Visitation,* March, page 3.]

Methodists also will be observing Ministry Sunday on May 19 to emphasize the need for recruiting at least 1,200 new ministers to meet the demands of the immediate future for churches to serve new areas.

Background: In only 6 of the last 21 years has membership in The Methodist Church kept pace with the nation's population growth, according to the department of research and statistics of the Methodist Council on World Service and Finance. The percentage of Methodists in the total U.S. population also has declined steadily each year but one since 1950. [See chart below.]

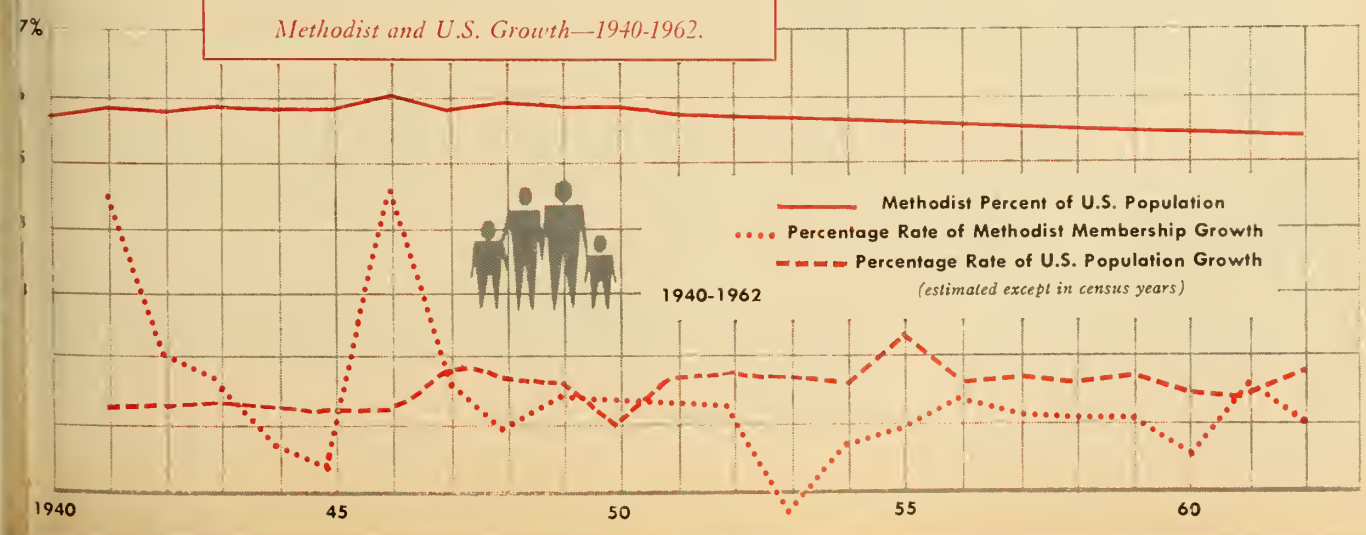
Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer of Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga., an authority on town and country Methodism, says:

"Because of continued population growth, Methodism can show substantial net increases in membership while suffering a decline in the percentage of that population in church membership. If such trends continue long enough, it is obvious that net losses in membership will eventually replace net gains."

An example of this can be seen in one of Methodism's 100 annual conferences which reported that during the 1961-62 conference year it received more than 22,000 members but removed some 20,000 from its rolls for various reasons and wound up with a net gain of only 2,000 members. It took 173 Methodists to gain one new member.

Methodism has had its ups and downs in membership gains over the years. Dr. Brewer reports there have been four periods when membership grew less

Methodist and U.S. Growth—1940-1962.



rapidly than the population. These were 1860-1870 (the Civil War era); 1900-1910 (a period of heavy Roman Catholic immigration from Europe); 1930-1940 (the depression years), and 1950 to the present.

However, Methodism has not been alone in experiencing a leveling or downward trend. The 1963 *Yearbook of American Churches* reveals that for the first time in 17 years, church membership percentage gains in the U.S. have fallen below the estimated population increase. Church membership gains were listed as 1.4 percent in 1961 compared with an estimated increase of 1.6 percent in the nation's population. Membership in the nation's churches and synagogues represented 63.4 percent of the population as against 63.6 percent a year earlier.

Why the Sag? Church leaders have cited these factors as important influences:

- The growth of secularism, rising tide of nationalism, and dissatisfaction with denominational divisions.
- Failure of churches to find meaningful forms of evangelism.
- Failure of churches to penetrate the hard shell of materialism.
- Mobility of the U.S. population, causing some families to lose church contact in moving. [See *Americans Always on the Go: Who? Where? Why?*, November, 1961, page 14.]

Operation Lost Sheep: It is said that 400,000 Methodists are lost to the church each year because they fail to make contact with Methodist churches in new communities to which they move. TOGETHER's Family Plan subscription program includes Operation Lost Sheep, a service which helps keep track of such traveling Methodists. When TOGETHER receives a change of address notice, its electronic machines process the information and within five days a card is on its way to the pastor in the community where each moving Methodist makes his new home. This card is the shepherd's staff.

Ministerial Recruitment: The church needs annually for replacement and minimum church expansion approximately 1,200 new ministers to serve new churches, new charges resulting from separation of circuits, and to fill staff ministries and new special appointments. That goal is far from being met. For the last five years the number of ministers on trial and in full connection has shown an average annual gain of only about 350.

The number of preministerial students in Methodist-related colleges has decreased from 2,658 in 1957-58 to 2,552 in 1962-63. Enrollment in Methodist theological seminaries has risen from 3,046 in 1953-54 to 3,631 in 1961-62, but the number of seminary graduates has ranged from 594 to 680 a year. For 1962 it was 677.

Significance: The Aldersgate emphasis of 1963 will draw attention of the General Conference of 1964 to the fact that Methodism is not keeping up with population growth. Methodist leaders have been fully aware of these trends, and action to reverse them may be expected.

At the 1960 General Conference, the Episcopal Address mentioned that in 1960 there were more than 66 million people in the U.S. having no active affiliation with any church or synagogue.

"On the basis of our proportion of the current church membership, nearly six million of these people are our responsibility," the address said. "It is predicted that there will be a population increase of 33 million during the next 10 years. On the same basis, three million of these people should be at our doors."

Methodist Council Opposes Tax Revision on Donations

The executive committee of the Methodist Council on World Service and Finance has gone on record in opposition to the Kennedy administration's proposed tax revision affecting deductions for charitable contributions.

"Highly detrimental" were the words used by the council in describing the effect that the revision would have on churches, universities and colleges, hospitals, and homes.

The council commended the revision for "reduction in income-tax rates," but said the section on charitable deductions would "seriously affect our American civilization by greatly reducing the incentive to give."

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Methodist Bishop Oxnam Dies

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, 71, a retired bishop of The Methodist Church, died March 12 as a result of complications following a mid-December operation.

He had been bishop of four Methodist areas—Omaha, Boston, New York, and Washington, D.C., where he retired in 1960 for reasons of health. Prior to his election as bishop in 1936, he was president of Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Bishop Oxnam

Bishop Oxnam, a native of Sonora, Calif., was ordained a minister in 1916.

He served as president of the Federal Council of Churches—forerunner of the National Council of Churches—in 1944-46 and co-president of the World Council of Churches in 1948.

In 1953, he appeared at his own request before the House Un-American Activities Committee and was cleared completely of charges of communist affiliation.

Surviving Bishop Oxnam are his widow, two sons, a daughter, and eight grandchildren.

Publishing Executive Dies

Pat Beaird, 63, executive vice-president of The Methodist Publishing House since 1956, died March 17 in a Nashville, Tenn., hospital.

For more than 40 years Mr. Beaird had been associated with the Methodist book publishing business. He joined the Publishing House staff in 1922.

He provided leadership and guidance in the publication of *The Interpreter's Bible*—called by many "Christendom's most comprehensive Bible commentary."

Surviving are his widow, a daughter, two grandchildren, and a sister.

Hoyt to Pensions Board Post

The Rev. Claire C. Hoyt of Denver, Colo., Rocky Mountain Conference treasurer, has been appointed associate general secretary of the Methodist Board of Pensions effective September 1.

Appointment of Mr. Hoyt, a member of the executive committee of the board for several years, was announced by Dr. Charles L. Calkins, general secretary.

A native of Storm Lake, Iowa, Mr. Hoyt served pastorates in Iowa, Beatrice, Nebr.; Laramie and Chey

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

MAY

5—Children's Day.
5-12—National Family Week.
8-9—Meeting of Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, New York City.
9—Annual meeting American Bible Society, New York City.
12—Mother's Day (Festival of the Christian Home).
19—Aldersgate Sunday, Ministry Sunday, Rural Life Sunday.
23—Ascension Sunday.
24—225th anniversary of John Wesley's "heartwarming" experience at Aldersgate.
30—Memorial Day.

enne, Wyo.; and Pueblo, Colo., before being named Rocky Mountain Conference treasurer in 1959.

To Direct Temperance League

Dr. Caradine R. Hooton has been chosen as the first full-time national director of the National Temperance League by its executive committee.

In making the announcement, the Rev. Erwin F. Bohmfalk of Waco, Texas, league president, said that Dr. Hooton would take the position on August 1, immediately following his retirement as general secretary of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

Roger Burgess, an associate general secretary of the Methodist board, said that the board's Division of Temperance and General Welfare had approved a $10,000 grant to the league.

Methodist Hospitals-Homes Minister to 1,687,881 People

In 1962, Methodist hospitals and homes for the aged and children in the United States ministered directly to 1,687,881 people, said Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes.

It is estimated, Dr. Oeschger said, that the charity services provided by the 255 hospitals and homes in 1962 totaled $22,231,906.

New officers elected by the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes are: Donald W. Cordes of Des Moines, Iowa, president; Dr. George H. Palmer of West Allis, Wisc., president-elect for 1964; M. T. Lambeth of Winston-Salem, N.C., vice-president; Dr. Clarence R. Wagner of Claremont, Calif., secretary; and Dr. William A. Hammitt of Normal, Ill., reelected treasurer.

Churches Make Breakthroughs

Major breakthroughs were made by the churches during the last year, Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy told the National Council of Churches' general board meeting in Denver, Colo.

Dr. Espy, associate general secretary of the council, cited the historic interreligious Conference on Religion and Race in Chicago during February and the United Church Women's program, "Assignment: Race."

He also pointed to increased co-operation by local congregations, more participation in city and state councils of churches, improved Protestant-Orthodox relations, and increased contacts between the National Council and the Roman Catholic Church.

The council's general board announced the creation of a new department of public school education. It will be formed by the merging of the department of religion and public education and the department of weekday religious education.

Branch Office for TRAFCO

The Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission with headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., will establish a branch office in Los Angeles, Calif., announced Methodist Bishop Donald H. Tippett of San Francisco, Calif., TRAFCO president.

Dr. Howard E. Tower, TRAFCO associate secretary, and Lyman R. White

Dr. Tower

Mr. White

will transfer from the Nashville office to Los Angeles for new positions.

Bishop Tippett said the position Dr. Tower will take is being established "to assist the [entertainment] industry

'Heartwarming Experience,' World Activity of WAMRAC

The World Association of Methodist Radio Amateurs and Clubs will conduct its first worldwide activity beginning at "a quarter before nine" on May 24 and lasting through May 26.

Each of the 120 members in 15 countries will attempt to reach each other on "ham" radios concerning the "heartwarming experience" of John Wesley on May 24, 1738, at Aldersgate.

WAMRAC was founded in 1957 by the Rev. Arthur W. Shepherd of Asfordby, Melton Mowbray, Leics., England.

to create programs and films which have constructive effect and Christian influence on the general public." Mr. White will supervise the agency's motion-picture production there.

Freedoms Foundation Cites Together, Eight Methodists

The Freedoms Foundation in its 14th year of national awards honored eight Methodists, TOGETHER, and Goodwill Industries with presentations for 1962.

TOGETHER received an Americana Award honor medal for its June college-emphasis issue involving students, parents, and church "in a campaign to stimulate college attendance on a well-planned basis."

Goodwill Industries of America, Inc., received an honor medal for its 1962 program of "rebuilding the skills, confidence, and usefulness of some of America's physically and emotionally handicapped."

Two laymen were among the eight Methodists receiving awards—Arch N. Booth of Washington, D.C., and John C. Satterfield of Yazoo City, Miss. The Methodist ministers honored were Dr. Carl J. Sanders of Richmond, Va., the Rev. Charles M. Crowe of Wilmette, Ill., Dr. E. Pearce Hays of New York City, Dr. Walter K. Kerr of Tyler, Texas, the Rev. James Roy Smith of Arlington, Va., and Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

Train 13 Overseas Ministers

Thirteen Methodist ministers from Asia, Africa, and Latin America are in training at Drew University's Theological School in Madison, N.J. They are in the United States for 10 months of study and field work in American churches.

For the third time, the overseas pastors training program of the Division of World Missions, Methodist Board of Missions, has brought leading minis-

Methodists in the News

Truman W. Collins has been named First Citizen of the Year for 1962 in Portland, Oreg., by the Portland Board of Realtors.

Miss Margaret J. Gilkey of Coral Gables, Fla., is the new chairman of the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services.

Robert Jeffrey Caswell, 18, Methodist theology student of Dickinson, Texas, has been named Young Texan of the Year and recipient of the Troy V. Post Award for 1963.

Dr. William E. Kerstetter has been elected president of Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Bishop Marshall R. Reed of Detroit, Mich., has been named by Michigan Gov. George Romney as a member of an advisory panel on ethical and moral questions in state affairs.

Bishop Arthur J. Moore (retired) of Atlanta, Ga., has received the Georgia Medal for Distinguished Public Service from the Associated Industries of Georgia. He was appointed recently as interim pastor of St. Mark Church in Atlanta.

Edgar O. Mansfield of Columbus, Ohio, has been named president-elect of the American Protestant Hospital Association.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif., received the Judge Harry Hollzer Memorial Award from the Jewish Federation-Council of Greater Los Angeles. Also, he has been given the newly created For God and Country Award and the Silver Beaver from the Los Angeles Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

Mrs. Irene Windecker Alonso of São Paulo, Brazil, was presented the Distinguished Citizenship Award at Methodist-related Ohio Wesleyan University Charter Day Convocation at Delaware, Ohio.

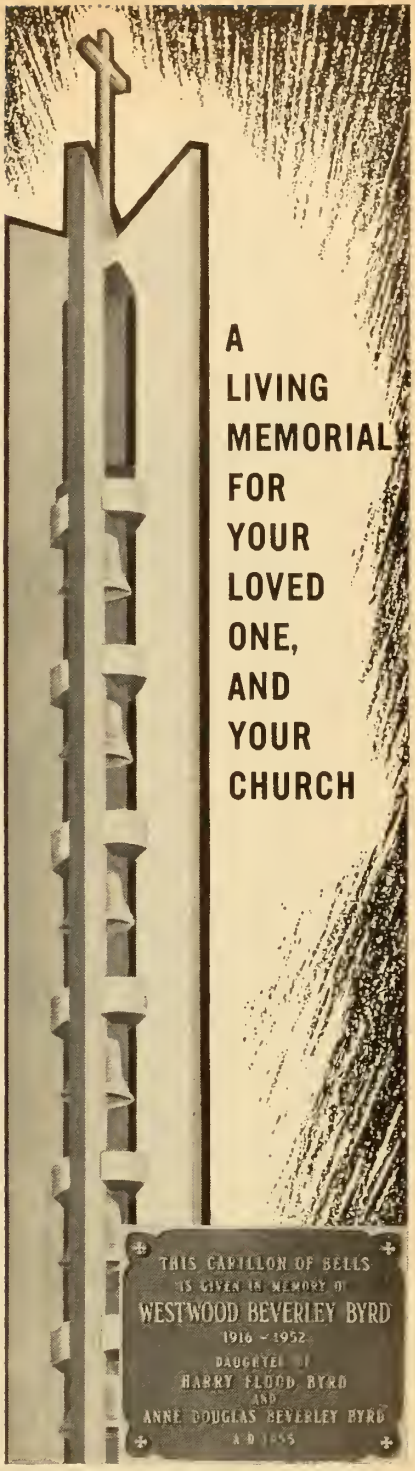
The Rev. William E. Stone of New Milford, Conn., has been honored by the International Reform Federation of Washington, D.C., for 50 years of continual support.

Peter W. Kotilainen of Millbury, Mass.; **Glenn F. Bender** of Niles, Ohio; **Ray Jones** of Pueblo, Colo.; **Richard C. Parsons** of Garland, Texas; and **Frank R. Bush, Jr.**, of Palo Alto, Calif., were among the 12 Boy Scouts and Explorers who presented their organization's report to President Kennedy.

Mrs. Martin L. Harvey of Jackson, Miss., and **Joseph E. Wroten** of Greenville, Miss., were honored by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns for their activities in brotherhood and other Christian concerns.

Miss Janice M. Paton of Warwick, R.I., is the first woman to be elected to the national board of the Young Men's Christian Assoociation.

Gene Cowles is the new public relations director of Methodist-related Pacific Homes, Los Angeles, Calif.



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- **NO BOTHER**—You won't have to worry any more about such things as property taxes, heating, fire insurance and repairs.
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ters from Methodist and Methodist-related churches overseas.

When classroom study ends June 5, each minister will be assigned to an American Methodist church as an associate pastor. There he will work for six months and share in all phases of the church's ministry.

The Rev. Theodore Runyan, the division's associate director for research, said there are no more overseas ministers available for U.S. churches.

Need to Train More Laymen; Cuban Family Life Suffers

Protestant churches should step up the training of laymen, particularly in the misssion field, Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., told the annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Missions. He said that this was indicated because laymen have had to assume much of the leadership of the church in China and Cuba since the communist take-over.

Dr. Jones, associate general secretary of the board's Division of World Missions, said that Chinese and Cuban ministers and laymen agree that one of the greatest mistakes of the precommunist days was the inadequate emphasis placed upon laymen's abilities and training given to rank-and-file church members.

In the meantime, Dr. Harold R. Hodgson, director of the Methodist refugee center in Miami, Fla., said that Cuban refugees in the United States need to be reunited with members of their families still in Cuba.

Dr. Hodgson emphasized at a meeting of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, "Unless reunions are quickly facilitated, the social consequences will be divorce, suffering of orphaned children, prostitution through economic compulsion, and heartbroken people."

CENTURY CLUB

Five more Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join the Century Club of TOGETHER this month. They are:

Mrs. Emily Burke Conklin, 103, Whittier, Calif.

Mrs. Evelyn L. Broadbent, 102, Willmar, Minn.

William C. Beckett, 101, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Emily Radabaugh, 100, Masontown, W.Va.

Mrs. Emma W. Hunt, 100, Sioux City, Iowa.

Names of other Methodist centenarians will be listed as they are received. When sending nominations, please give address, birth date, and church where nominee has membership.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency Number 738

The HOLY SPIRIT Has a Way

HE WAS a more or less famous scholar, and it was evident that he had made an extended study of the great world religions. He was familiar with their vocabularies; he could explain their doctrines and name their honored teachers.

His lecture had been announced as "a study in comparative religions," but as he proceeded with his analyses of the various faiths, comparing them with Christianity, I became aware that he was omitting the central fact of all Christian experience—the activity of the Holy Spirit.

He compared the Christian concept of God with that of the Buddhist, the Shintoist, the Confucian, and the Hindu. He explained the different beliefs in immortality, morals, social ethics, and human personality. He listed the various virtues and described the worship, the culture, and the literature of each form—but nowhere did he even hint that Christianity, unique among religions, promises the personal help of the Holy Spirit in the midst of the believer's emergencies.

Yet that doctrine lies at the very center of all truly Christian teaching.

It is true, of course, that this doctrine of the Holy Spirit has given rise to some of the most absurd vagaries that have ever seduced the Christian church. As a consequence, literally millions of Christians look with suspicion akin to fear on any consideration of the subject. Dr. Halford E. Luccock once said that "the queer have queered the Holy Spirit." And there are people, otherwise sensible, who have thoughtlessly discarded this most important teaching.

Toward the close of his public ministry, Jesus assured his friends that they would receive power from the Holy Spirit. Later he assured them they would not be left alone when he died, for he would "send" the Holy Spirit. All Christians believe there is some kind of "presence" in this world. To this the understanding Christian gives the name of "the Holy Spirit."

It is our distinctive teaching that the Holy Spirit is "that part of God which enters in upon the life of the believer." That there is a mystery here must be admitted. It is a mystery to be experienced, not to be explained.

In many situations there seems to be one course to follow that is "better." It may be hard, it may be strange, and it may be dangerous, but it appears to be right. Something urges us to do that thing. Arguments in its behalf come forward in our minds unbidden. Reasons supporting it seem to come unannounced from everywhere.

Where do they come from? We are unable to claim any originality for them. But there they are, and we cannot dismiss them. We do not judge them; they judge us. To the experienced Christian, the answer is simple. *We have been dealing with the Holy Spirit of the living God!*

There are other occasions when we have succumbed to a temptation and belied our own honor. No one saw us dishonor ourselves and our sin has never become known, but inside our own souls we have suffered severely.

Why? The psychologists call it a "guilt complex." Why do persons suffer from a sense of guilt?

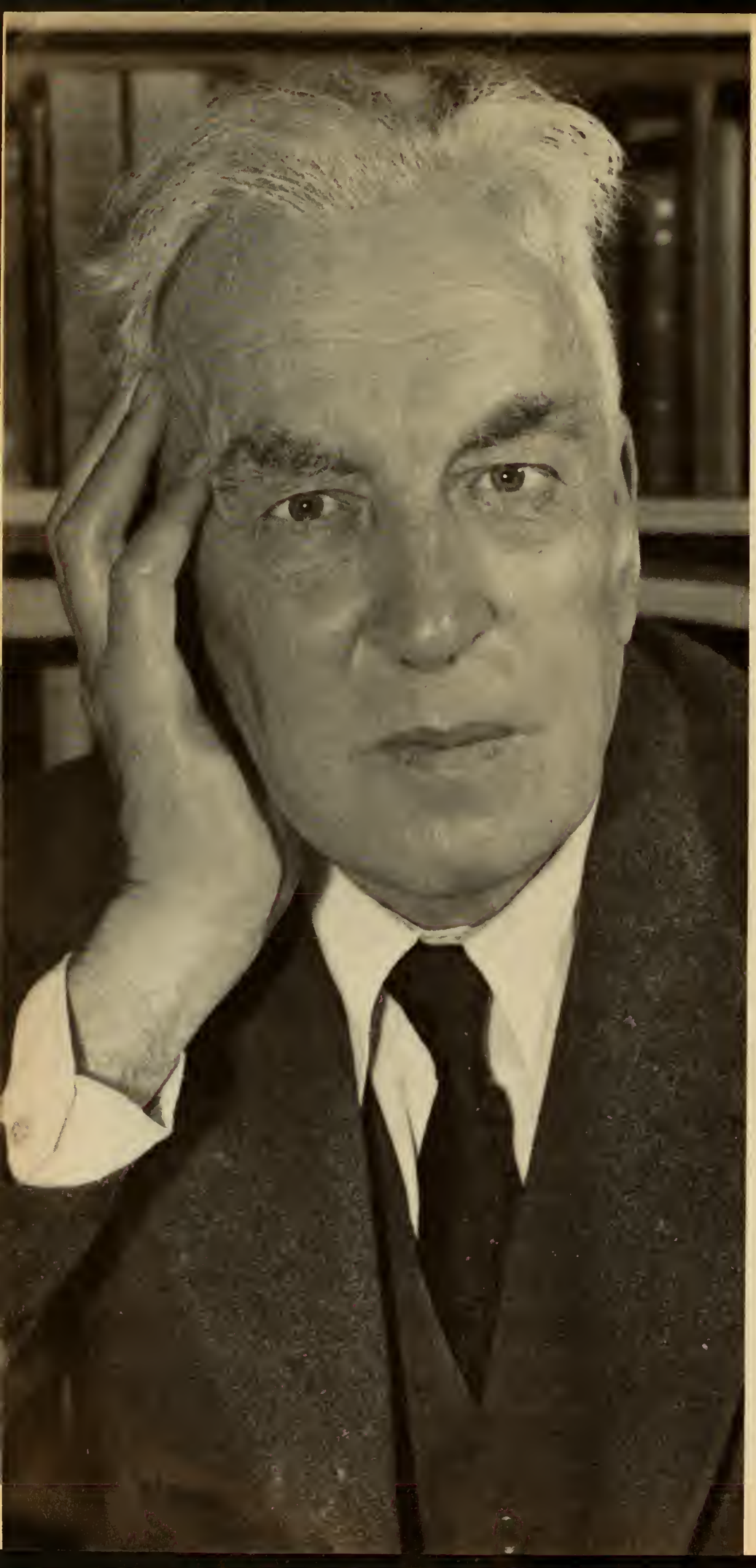
Again our Christian doctrine describes the situation: the "Holy Spirit convicts us of sin." That is to say, the Holy Spirit of God, having found easy access to our innermost thinking, holds our evil action up to the light, and we see ourselves for what we really are.

There is one added matter we must never allow ourselves to forget. *No man ever escapes the Holy Spirit!* Even the most hardened continue to feel the Holy Spirit. They are persuaded, pursued, entreated, reminded, and goaded without end. Evil persons may shut their hearts and close their minds against honor, decency, and holiness, but they never escape the proddings of the Holy Spirit.

On occasions almost without number, I have seen men who were as hard as nails break down under the impact of some accidental remark, some offhand appeal, some simple searching sermon that went directly to the center of their lives, because the Holy Spirit guided me when I took aim at them.

There is no hour in any day when we live entirely alone. We make no decisions without taking the Holy Spirit into consideration, even though we do not realize he is present. His approval, and his disapproval, is the most common experience of our life.

"Something tells me," is the way we sometimes describe the experience. When that "telling" is perfectly plain, then simple and complete obedience is the one sensible response. To sin against the Holy Spirit is always fatal, for it is a sin against one's best self. —ROY L. SMITH



By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

Renowned British Historian

WITHIN the last 50 years, the United States' position and outlook have ceased to be just the private concern of the people of the United States and have become one of the major public concerns of the human race.

This has been an awkward change for both the United States and the world. It is unpleasant to lose one's privacy; it is also unpleasant to lose one's independence and to find one's fate hanging on other people's decisions, and no longer just on one's own.

Americans would have depicted the United States in 1913 as being a Promised Land for wanderers in the European wilderness. Here was a country in which former Europeans could make a new start with a fairer prospect.

By crossing the Atlantic, they could jump clean of the old evils of Europe. They could escape from Europe's inveterate follies and crimes; the senseless European international power game; the burden of competitive armaments and the bloody and destructive wars which this power game made inevitable; the political oppression of subject nationalities and of liberal movements by reactionary-minded forces; the economic oppression of tenants by landlords and of workers by employers. Here was a country where every man was his own master.

Yet here were witnesses who would have given a different report:

New Dimensions for America

. . . in the pattern of Christian outreach set by religious colonists.

for instance, the survivors of the American Indians, the grandchildren of the Mexicans of the generation of 1846, and the tardily emancipated descendants of the Negro plantation slaves. The war that the United States made on Mexico and the sweeping annexations that followed it were a classical example of imperialism. The War Between the States was the greatest and most bloody war of any in the 19th century anywhere.

The sad truth is that the Europeans who had colonized the Americas had brought Europe's evils with them to the New World, and this is not surprising. An Atlantic voyage—even a slow and painful one in a small ship—is not a cure for original sin.

One of the things that the European colonists in the New World brought with them from the Old World was their previous religion; and they would have been horrified if it had been suggested to them that they must make a break with that if they were in earnest about their program of making a new start in life on new ground. Indeed, the motive that led some of the most notable of them to pull up their roots in Europe and to cross the Atlantic was a wish to remain faithful to their European religion without any longer being penalized on this account, as they had been penalized at home.

However, down deep, there is a contradiction between the ideal of Americanism and the ideal of Christianity on the question of what one's relation with one's neighbor ought to be.

One of the aspirations of Americanism was to insulate America from the rest of the world in order to turn America into a local earthly paradise whose citizens should be "not as other men are." One of the aspirations of Christianity, on the other hand, is to "preach the Gospel to every creature," including all the publicans, harlots, and sinners. Christianity, like Islam and Buddhism, is a missionary religion; and, like them, it is this intrinsically, by virtue of its fundamental beliefs and ideals. Christianity's worldwide mission, like theirs, is part of the religion's essence; and therefore it is ultimately incompatible with sectionalism on any level —spiritual, political, or economic.

The 19th century saw the emergence of a small band of Americans who were Christians before everything else, and who, therefore, crossed the Atlantic to preach Christianity in the Old World. At the time, these 19th century American missionaries did not attract much attention. To friendly American eyes, their deliberate rejections of economic opportunities at home seemed disinterested, no doubt, but quixotic. To unfriendly eyes, their conduct may have seemed un-American. To remigrate from the American earthly paradise to the Old World wilderness came near to being an act of treason against the Promised Land—just as a whale might seem to an elephant to be a traitor to the order of Mammalia for having slithered back off the good dry land into the primordial ocean.

Viewed in retrospect today, the 19th-century American missionary movement looks a good deal more significant. It looks like a premonition, through religious faith, of a truth that the present generation in the United States has been learning, with pain and grief, through harsh experience. This truth is that our social obligations to our fellow human beings have no limits short of embracing the entire human race.

Mankind is a single family with a single destiny, for weal or for woe. In the Atomic Age, which mankind has entered in our lifetime and in which our descendants will have to live so long as the human race lasts, a recognition of the human race's solidarity is one of the necessary conditions for the race's survival. All honor to those 19th-century American missionaries who recognized this truth so far in advance of most of the rest of us, and who had the faith, courage, and spiritual insight. They were led to this act of self-sacrifice by their religion, and they dedicated their lives to it.

Christianity's recognition of the brotherhood of all men is a warning that a sectional earthly paradise is an unsatisfying spiritual idea. There were more prosaic warnings that it was also not going to be a practicable objective.

At about the time when Blériot flew across the English Channel in a mechanically propelled heavier-than-air conveyance, Rutherford was already at work on exploring the structure of the atom. These were the first steps toward the forging of the annihilating intercontinental weapons that our governments now hold in their hands.

By the same date, a change was taking place in the balance of power in Europe, and this change was going to make the United States' traditional foreign policy of avoiding entanglements in Europe no longer adequate as a means for keeping the U.S. secure in her own hemisphere.

The threat to the United States from Germany in both World Wars was serious. Yet, as far as I can make out, the American people did not take this serious German danger very much to heart—not even after they had found themselves compelled twice over to go to war with Germany in order to prevent her from subjugating the world, including the United States herself.

If, since the end of the Second World War, the American people had not taken the Russian threat to the United States seriously either, I should have concluded that American minds had been so conditioned by the international security that the United States had enjoyed from 1783 to 1916, that it had almost become a psychological impossibility for American minds to entertain the idea that their country's security might really be threatened.

This theory, however, is ruled out

by the sensitiveness and the vehemence of the present American reaction to the Russian threat. This makes the previous American complacency about the former German threat rather mysterious. For, in each of the two World Wars, the German danger was, I should judge, much greater than the Russian danger is—or, at any rate, than it has been so far. The Germans are a great deal more efficient than the Russians are; and, therefore, when the German people dedicate their skills and efficiency to the causes of war and conquest, the danger for the rest of the world is extreme.

IF IT is a fact that the American people did not take the German danger seriously in either World War, it is one that has had unfortunate consequences for the United States and for the world.

The United States refused to join the League of Nations, which had been founded largely on the initiative of the President of the United States. She throttled the flow of European immigration by passing the immigration restriction acts in 1921 and 1924. She tried to collect her war debts from those European countries that had been her wartime associates. And then, when the coming Second World War loomed up, the U.S. enacted the neutrality legislation.

These interwar American acts were all disastrous for Europe. I have often thought, since, of the number of young Europeans who, in the interwar period, might have become good American citizens if they had been given the same chance as their prewar predecessors.

Numbers of young Germans failed to get in on the quota and felt frustrated. Perhaps Hitler would never have come into power if he had not had, ready to hand, a host of these frustrated and therefore restless and bitter young Germans for him to use for his evil purpose.

Perhaps Mussolini would not have come into power either. I remember how, passing through Rome at the end of 1920, I was disturbed at the sight of swarms of demobilized but unemployed Italian soldiers lounging about in the uniform of the so-called Guardia Regia.

The tragedy of what happened after the First World War was equaled by the irony of it. For the steps taken by the United States produced exactly the opposite results from those at which she was aiming. The Nazis, on their side, correctly interpreted these interwar American actions as being evidence that the American people were determined not to go to war with Germany again; but the Nazis shared the American illusion that the United States would actually find herself able to do what she wished.

Both the Nazis and the Americans seemed to have overlooked the truth that even the most pacific-minded people will go to war if and when it finds itself confronted with a choice between going to war and losing its independence.

If the American people had foreseen this from the start, perhaps they would have joined the League of Nations after the First World War and have made military alliances, of the NATO type, with the West European powers instead of enacting the neutrality legislation. If the Nazis had realized the same truth, perhaps Hitler would have refrained from going to war.

Since 1946, the United States has thrown her time-honored traditional policy of nonentanglement to the winds, and has adopted a new policy which is the exact opposite. In the past, the United States sought to avoid clashes with other powers by drawing in her horns and withdrawing into her shell. Since 1946 it has been the United States who has been anxious to gain and keep allies. Where once the American people believed that the international power game was a crime and a folly that was peculiar to the depraved nations of the Old World, today the United States is playing this very power game herself, on a worldwide scale.

During the Second World War, lend-lease was substituted for repayable loans to the United States associates. After this war, when Europe's economic life was at a lower ebb than after the first war, the United States did not again leave this European wasteland to produce another crop of noxious political weeds like fascism and nazism. She launched the Marshall Plan.

At her own expense, without asking for any economic return for herself, she gave the exhausted and impoverished European peoples the means of recuperating. The Marshall Plan is the cause of Western Europe's present prosperity; and Eastern Europe could have been proportionately prosperous today if Russia had not prevented the East European states that were under her domination from accepting an American offer extended to them as well.

American aid stimulated the West European peoples that received it to co-operate with each other for using it to the greatest common advantage. I believe the temporary European organization for implementing the Marshall Plan was the germ of the permanent European union that is now coming into existence.

The American people have, in fact, recognized and accepted the truth that, for the United States, the age of isolation now is over. This change in the American people's outlook corresponds accurately to the change in their position in the world. It is the most epoch-making event in the history of the United States since the achievement of independence.

Obviously, the United States' action since the Second World War is not beyond criticism. No human action ever is. But, at least, the American people have taken note of previous mistakes and taken care not to repeat them. Such self-criticism and self-correction is all too rare in human affairs. When it is achieved, it is a sign of spiritual strength and maturity, and it gives promise of future success.

TO BE thus reinvolved in the international power game is, of course, a terrible plight to be in. It is doubly terrible when it is a disappointment of long-standing previous hopes and expectations. In such circumstances, it is only human that Americans should sometimes look back wistfully to isolation.

The price of being privileged, however, is to be lonely and unloved; and this is too high a price to pay for anything. Privileged persons or nations cannot even love or admire themselves. At any rate, they cannot do that with any conviction if their ancestral religion is Christianity. What Christ stands for is God's de-

liberate renunciation of his privileged aloofness, for a voluntary participation in the suffering that is the creation's common lot. If Christianity means anything to us, it means that we must try to follow this example as best we can.

Like the American missionaries in the 19th century, the whole American people in our postwar age has deliberately stepped out of its transatlantic earthly paradise and has re-entered the Old World. But there is a difference in the objectives. The missionaries re-entered the Old World in order to propagate Christianity there. The present generation of Americans has re-entered it in order to check the propagation of communism there.

The communist regime in Russia is unquestionably oppressive and tyrannical, but this is not all that there is to be said about it—as it was all that there was to be said about the nazi regime in Germany. Communism is a tyranny that stands, paradoxically, for economic and social justice as against vested interests. Its performance evidently falls very short of its principles; indeed, it sometimes seems positively to belie them.

Yet these principles remain inscribed on communism's flag; and they are potent because they express the aspirations of the huge depressed majority of the human race. This majority cares for equality more than it cares for liberty; its objectives are economic realities, not political abstractions. It wants the bare necessities of life, because it lacks even these.

In the eyes of the poverty-stricken mass of mankind, the enemy is the vested interests of the rich minority. And this brings us to the difficulty in which an undiscriminating opponent of communism finds himself. In opposing communism intransigently, it is difficult to draw a line between opposing its tyranny and oppressiveness and opposing all its works and all its principles alike. It is, therefore, difficult to avoid slipping into the position of opposing economic and social justice and championing vested interests.

Anyone, however, who does slip into this position may find that, without intending to, he has alienated the poverty-stricken majority of mankind. This mankind knows little about the communist and anti-communist ideologies, and perhaps cares less about the little that it does know. But it cares immensely about the social justice for which communism professes to stand.

When we, the rich minority, are opposing communism, we ought, all the time, to be searching our hearts. We must remind ourselves of the repeated warnings of the Gospels, about the snares in the path of the rich, and about the special difficulties in the way of their finding salvation. If we ever catch ourselves opposing communism, not in defense of its victims, but in defense of our own vested interest in the preservation of our own wealth, we ought to take that as a danger signal and draw back.

Is our island of prosperity in the West to be a Promised Land for the poverty-stricken majority of mankind? Or is it to be a privileged minority's closely guarded preserve? Whatever the true answer may turn out to be, it will be decisive for the future of the United States and the West, and the world.

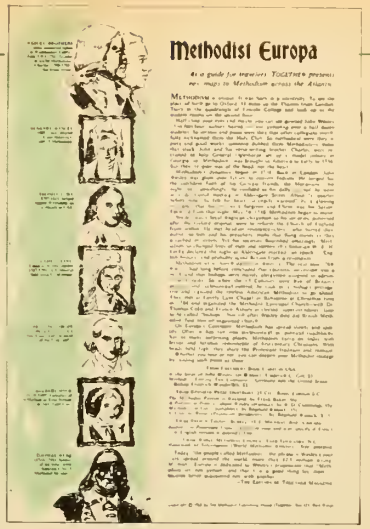
When one adds these changes, within the last half century, in the United States' relation to the rest of the world, the total amount of change is staggering. In this flux, is there a guide line to which we can hold?

The thing about the United States that had struck imaginations and won hearts was the American people's generosity. Here was a people that had crossed the ocean to carve a new world out of the wilderness; and when, by the pioneers' hard labor, the wilderness had been transformed into an earthly paradise, the people who had created this paradise did not try to fence it in as a closed preserve for themselves. They had thrown it open for other needy Europeans to come and share.

This American generosity is characteristic of the American spirit. Anyway, it is a golden thread that keeps on shining out in lengthening skeins of America's destiny. It shone out in Marshall aid to Europe; it is shining out again in the aid that the American people are giving today to Asia, Latin America, and Africa. Here is something in American life that has suffered no change within the last 50 years.

Here lies the hope for the future of the United States, and therefore, also for the future of the world.

Announcing: *Methodist Europa*


Methodist Europa

MANY Methodists were among the American missionaries of the 19th century whose early recognition of humanity's oneness is praised by Historian Toynbee.

Methodism, born in England, reached fullest flower in America. But it blossomed anew when transplanted back across the Atlantic to Europe. Immigrants converted in the USA took Methodism home to relatives and friends in Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, and it soon spread to other nations of the Continent. The vigor of Methodism today in many unexpected parts of Europe is testimony of these missionary efforts.

Recognizing the interest in America of European Methodism, TOGETHER has prepared *Methodist Europa*—eight full-color pages of pictorial maps in the June issue. For those planning overseas travel, *Methodist Europa* is a concise, easy-to-carry guide to almost 100 places of Methodist and Protestant interest. Armchair travelers, too, will enjoy this unique gathering of information—the overseas counterpart of TOGETHER's *Methodist Americana Map* [November, 1959, page 61] which many readers continue to find a valuable guide to Methodist landmarks in the United States.—YOUR EDITORS.

A biblical parable comes to life when a cobbler discovers that . . .

Where Love Is, There GOD Is Also

By LEO TOLSTOY

IN A CERTAIN town there lived a shoemaker named Martin Avdeitch. He lived in a basement room which possessed but one window. This window looked onto the street, and through it a glimpse could be caught of the passersby. It is true that only their legs could be seen, but that did not matter to Martin, who could recognize people by their boots alone. He had lived there for a long time, and so had many acquaintances. There were very few pairs of boots in the neighborhood which had not passed through his hands at least once, if not twice. He was given plenty of custom, for his work he did well, his materials were good, his prices moderate, and his word to be depended on.

His wife had died while he was still an apprentice, leaving behind her a little boy of three. This was their only child, indeed, for the two elder ones had died previously.

But God had not seen fit to give Avdeitch happiness in his children. The little boy was just growing up and beginning to help his father and to be a pleasure to him, when he fell ill, was put to bed, and died after a week's fever.

Martin buried the little fellow and was inconsolable. Indeed, he was so inconsolable that he began to murmur against God.

At last he ceased altogether to go to church.

Then one day there came to see him an ancient peasant-pilgrim—one who was now in the eighth year of his pilgrimage. To him, Avdeitch talked, and then went on to complain of his great sorrow.

"I no longer wish to be a God-fearing man," he said. "I only wish to die. That is all I ask of God. I am a lonely, hopeless man."

"You should not speak like that, Martin," replied the old pilgrim. "It is not for us to judge the acts of God. We must rely, not upon our own understanding, but upon the Divine wisdom."

"For what, then, should I live?" asked Martin.

"For God alone," replied the old man. "It is he who gave you life, and therefore it is he for whom you should live."

Martin was silent. Then he spoke again.

"But how am I to live for God?" he asked.

"Christ has shown us the way," answered the old man. "Can you read? If so, buy a Testament and study it. You will learn there how to live for God. Yes, it is all shown you there."

He went out the same day, bought a large-print copy of the New Testament, and set himself to read it.

Thus he came to read it every evening and the more he read, the more clearly did he understand what God required of him, and in what way he could live for God; so that his heart grew lighter and lighter.

From that time onwards Avdeitch's life became completely changed.

Early in the morning he would sit down to his work, and labor through his appointed hours. Then he would take the lamp down from the shelf, light it, and sit down to read. And the more he read, the more he understood, and the clearer and happier he grew at heart.

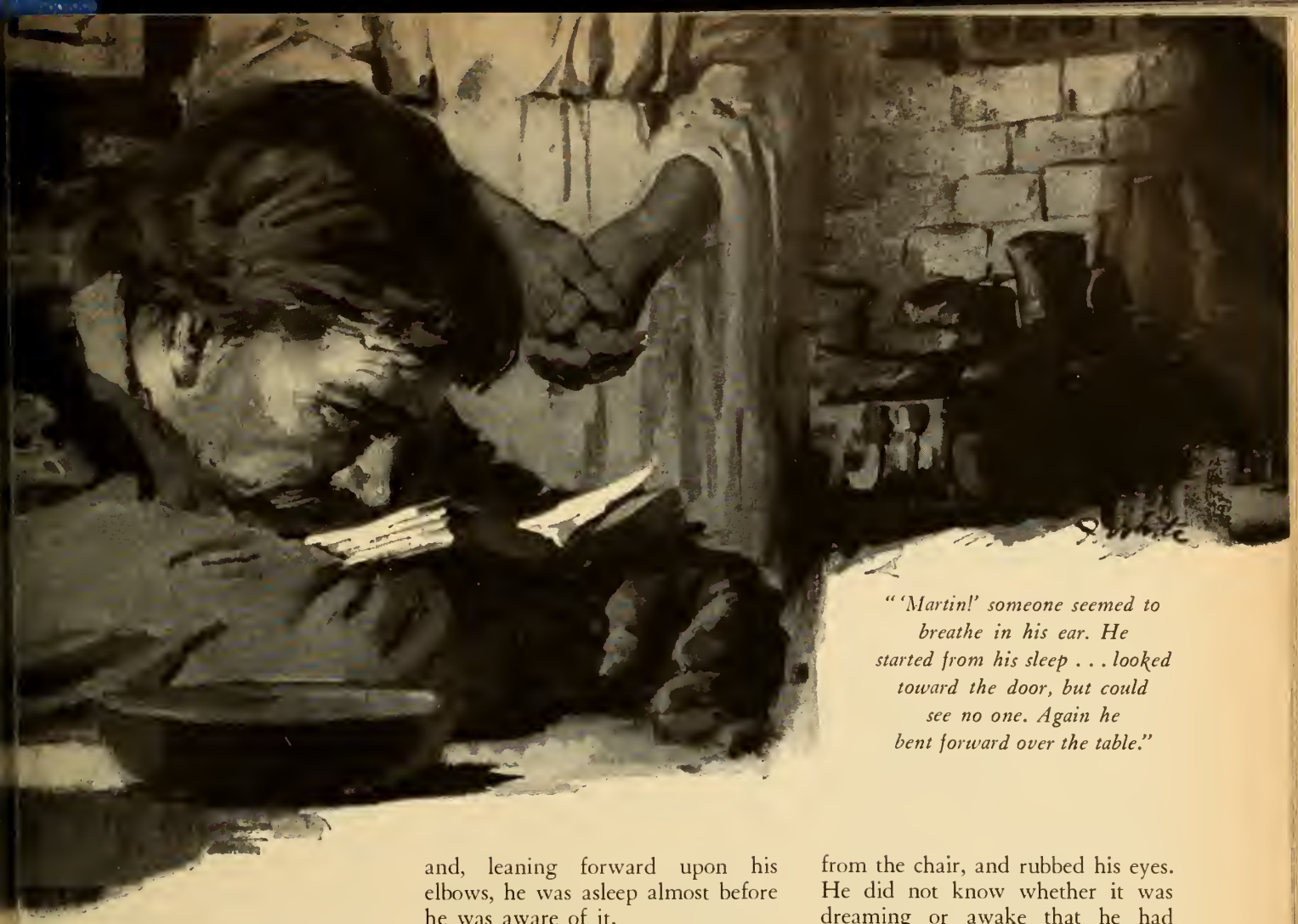
It happened once that Martin had been reading late. He had been reading those verses in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke which run:

"And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Avdeitch read these words, and felt greatly cheered in soul.

Thus he kept on meditating, though conscious that it was time for bed; yet he was loath to tear himself away from the book. He began to read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, where the rich Pharisee invited Jesus to his house, and the woman washed the Lord's feet with her tears and he justified her. So he came to the 44th verse and read:

"And he [Jesus] turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head."



"'Martin!' someone seemed to breathe in his ear. He started from his sleep . . . looked toward the door, but could see no one. Again he bent forward over the table."

"I am even as that Pharisee," he thought to himself. "I drink tea and think of my own needs. Yes, I think only of having plenty to eat and drink, of being warm and clean—but never of entertaining a guest. And Simon, too, was mindful only of himself, although the guest who had come to visit him was—who? Why, even the Lord himself! If, then, He should come to visit me, should I receive him any better?"—and, leaning forward upon his elbows, he was asleep almost before he was aware of it.

"Martin!" someone seemed to breathe in his ear.

He started from his sleep.

"Who is there?" he said. He turned and looked toward the door, but could see no one. Again he bent forward over the table. Then suddenly he heard the words:

"Martin, Martin! Look thou into the street tomorrow, for I am coming to visit thee."

Martin roused himself, got up from the chair, and rubbed his eyes. He did not know whether it was dreaming or awake that he had heard these words, but he turned out the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning Avdeitch rose before daylight and said his prayers. He sat and worked hard, yet all the time his thoughts were centered upon the night before. He was of two minds about the vision. At one moment he would think that it must have been his fancy, while the next moment he would find himself convinced that he had really heard the voice.

"Yes, it must have been so," he concluded.

As Martin sat thus by the window, he kept looking out of it as much as working. The doorkeeper passed in new felt boots, and then a water carrier. Next, an old soldier, a veteran of Nicholas' army, in old, patched boots and carrying a shovel in his hands, halted close by the window. Avdeitch knew him by his boots. His name was Stepanitch, and he was kept by a neighboring tradesman out of charity, his duties being to help the doorkeeper.

Stepanitch began to clear away the snow from in front of Avdeitch's window, while the shoemaker looked

READER'S CHOICE

We are apt to forget that Count Leo Tolstoy, author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, gave up his wealth and even the copyrights to his novels in his later years to devote himself entirely to his search for the meaning and purpose of life. As a peasant he preached brotherly love as he worked in the fields and made his own shoes—perhaps somewhat as the shoemaker in our story searches for love in his desolate life. Miss Nanine S. Churchill of Worcester, Mass., receives our sincere thanks and the $25 award for first nominating this month's selection. Condensed from the book *Master and Man and Other Parables and Tales* by Leo Tolstoy. Everyman's Library Edition. Reprinted by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.—EDITORS.

at him and then resumed his work.

"He is evidently an old man now and broken," thought Avdeitch to himself. "He is not strong enough to clear away snow. Would he like some tea, I wonder?"

AVDEITCH beckoned to him and then went to open the door.

"Come in and warm yourself," he said. "You must be frozen."

"Christ requite you!" answered Stepanitch. "Yes, my bones are almost cracking."

Stepanitch drank his tumblerful, turned the glass upside down, placed his crust upon it, and thanked his host kindly.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked his guest.

"Am—am I expecting anyone? Well, to tell the truth, yes. That is to say I am, and I am not. The fact is that some words have got fixed in my memory. Whether it was a vision or not I cannot tell, but at all events, my old friend, I was reading in the Gospels last night about Our Little Father, Christ, and how he walked this earth and suffered. You have heard of him, have you not?"

"Yes, yes, I have heard of him," answered Stepanitch; "but we are ignorant folk and do not know our letters."

"Well, I was reading of how he walked this earth, and how he went to visit a Pharisee, and yet received no welcome from him at the door. All this I read last night, my friend, and then fell to thinking about it—to thinking how some day I, too, might fail to pay Our Little Father, Christ, due honor. 'Suppose,' I thought to myself, 'he came to me or to anyone like me? Should we, like the great lord Simon, not know how to receive him and not go out to meet him?' Thus I thought, and fell asleep where I sat. Then as I sat sleeping there I heard someone call my name; and as I raised myself the voice went on (as though it were the voice of someone whispering in my ear): 'Watch thou for me tomorrow, for I am coming to visit thee.' It said that twice. And so those words have got into my head, and, foolish though I know it to be, I kept expecting *Him*—the Little Father—every moment."

Stepanitch had forgotten all about tea. He was an old man, and his tears came easily. He sat and listened, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"I thank you, Martin Avdeitch," he said. "You have taken me in, and fed both soul and body."

"Nay, but I beg of you to come again," replied Avdeitch. "I am only too glad for a guest."

So Stepanitch departed, while Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it. He stitched away, yet kept looking through the window—looking for Christ, as it were—and ever thinking of Christ and his works.

Presently a woman in woolen stockings and rough country shoes approached the window, and halted near the buttress outside it. Avdeitch peered up at her from under the lintel of his window, and could see that she was a plain-looking, poorly dressed woman and had a child in her arms. Avdeitch rose, went to the door, climbed the steps, and cried out: "My good woman, my good woman!"

She heard him and turned around.

"Why need you stand there in the cold with your baby?" he went on. "Come into my room, where it is warm, and where you will be able to wrap the baby up more comfortably than you can do here. Yes, come in with you."

THE woman was surprised to see an old man in a leather apron and with spectacles upon his nose calling out to her, yet she followed him down the steps, and they entered his room.

"Sit down and eat, my good woman," he said, "while I hold your baby. I have had little ones of my own, and know how to nurse them."

"I am a soldier's wife," she said, "but my husband was sent to a distant station eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. At first I got a place as cook, but when the baby came they said they could not do with it and dismissed me. That was three months ago, and I have got nothing since, and have spent all my savings."

Avdeitch sighed and said: "But have you nothing warm to wear?"

"Oh, sir," replied the woman, "although it is the time for warm clothes I had to pawn my last shawl yesterday for two grivenki."

Then the woman returned to the bedstead to take her baby, while Avdeitch rose and went to the cupboard. There he rummaged about, and presently returned with an old jacket.

"Here," he said. "It is a poor old thing, but it will serve to cover you."

The woman looked at the jacket and then at the old man. Then she took the jacket and burst into tears.

"I thank you in Christ's name, good grandfather. Surely it was He himself who sent me to your window. Otherwise I should have seen my baby perish with the cold."

THEN HE told his guest, the soldier's wife, of his vision and how he had heard a voice foretelling that today the Lord himself would come to visit him.

When she had gone, Avdeitch ate a little soup, washed up the crockery again, and resumed his work. All the time, though, he kept his eye upon the window, and as soon as ever a shadow fell across it, he would look up, to see who was passing.

Then suddenly he saw something. Opposite his window there had stopped an old peddler woman, with a basket of apples. Apparently, her shoulder had begun to ache under their weight, and she therefore wished to shift them to the other one. As she was doing this, a boy in a ragged cap appeared from somewhere, seized an apple from the basket, and tried to make off. But the old woman, who had been on her guard, managed to turn and seize the boy by the sleeve, and although he struggled and tried to break away, she clung to him with both hands, snatched his cap off, and finally grasped him by the hair. Thereupon the youngster began to shout and abuse his captor. Avdeitch did not stop to make fast his awl, but threw his work upon the floor, ran to the door, and went stumbling up the steps—losing his spectacles as he did so.

Avdeitch tried to part them as he took the boy by the hand and said:

"Let him go, my good woman. Pardon him for Christ's sake."

"Yes, I will pardon him," she re-

torted, "but not until he has tasted a new birchrod. I mean to take the young rascal to the police."

"Let him go, my good woman," he said. "He will never do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman released the boy, who was for making off at once had not Avdeitch stopped him.

"You must beg the old woman's pardon," he said, "and never do such a thing again. I saw you take the apple."

The boy burst out crying, and begged the old woman's pardon as Avdeitch commanded.

"There, there," said Avdeitch. "Now I will give you one. Here you are,"—and he took an apple from the basket and handed it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, my good woman," he added.

"God has commanded us to pardon one another," went on Avdeitch, "or *he* will not pardon us. We ought to pardon all men, and especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

She was raising the sack to her shoulders again when the boy darted forward and said:

"Nay, let me carry it, Grandmother. It will be all on my way home."

The old woman nodded assent, gave up the sack to the boy, and went away with him down the street.

Having seen them go, Avdeitch returned to his room, finding his spectacles—unbroken—on the steps as he descended them. He finished one boot completely, and then turned it over to look at it. It was all good work. Next he lifted the lamp down, placed it on the table, and took his Testament from the shelf. He had intended opening the book at the place which he had marked last night with a strip of leather, but it opened itself at another instead. The instant it did so, his vision of last night came back to his memory, and, as instantly he thought he heard a movement behind him as of someone moving towards him. He looked around and saw in the shadow of a dark corner what appeared to be figures—figures of persons standing there—yet could not distinguish them clearly. Then the voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin, Martin, dost thou not know me?"

"Who are you?" said Avdeitch.

"Even I!" whispered the voice again. "Lo, it is I!"—and there stepped from the dark corner Stepanitch. He smiled, and then, like the fading of a little cloud, was gone.

"It is I!" whispered the voice again—and there stepped from the same corner the woman with her baby. She smiled, and the baby smiled, and they were gone.

"And it is I!" whispered the voice again—and there stepped forth the old woman and the boy with the apple. They smiled, and were gone.

Joy filled the soul of Martin Avdeitch as he crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and set himself to read the Testament at the place where it had opened. At the top of the page he read:

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And further down the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then Avdeitch understood that the vision had come true, and that his Savior had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received Him.

LEARNING TO pray

FOR MANY YEARS I used prayer conventionally and sporadically—usually when things went wrong. But during the last four years I have learned to pray in a way most helpful to me. I know all prayers are answered, though not always as we wish.

Now and then the desire for communication with God is so intense that words fail and my prayer is a voiceless cry. My most passionate prayers were voiced during seven terrible weeks some years ago; they weren't, I then believed, answered. Now I know they were, if not according to *my* will.

When my husband died and I turned for strength and comfort to the Unseen, I was not conscious of any response. From that, I concluded that my trust and belief had been mere lip service. Since then, however, my prayers for *others* have been unmistakably answered.

One of the things I have worked for in prayer is an inner quietude, no matter what the circumstances of my life, nor how deep my anxieties. Little by little, I have achieved something of this.

Prayer is trust in operation; answered prayer is love in operation. All God's ways are mysterious, but his spiritual laws are as plain as print, and his plan is Order, Justice, and Balance.

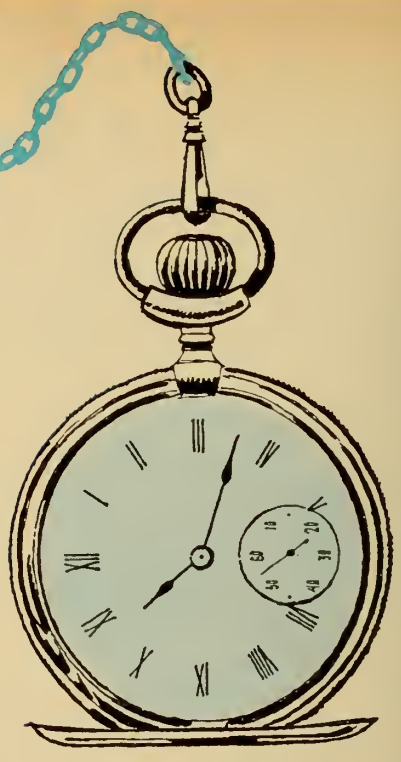
Without help, without recovered belief, I would not now be alive in this material world. The mere fact that I am makes me part of a purpose.

All prayer is good—the formal, the informal, the talking aloud, the silent, the prayer at desk or table, watching a sunset or storm, the prayers in church together with one's fellow man, the prayers in the dark night and the lonely dawn.

The spirits of men struggle to manifest themselves through the erring, stubborn, density of the flesh and physical mind. Almost always the link between is corroded or walled off. I believe that our spirits—or if you will, souls—are part of the Divine Spirit and that if we could learn to know our higher selves and allow the knowledge to come through us, we would be happier and better people.

Prayer is a reaching for a hand; prayer is sometimes a spontaneous and selfless petition; prayer is, in secret, a secret. But, I am convinced, it always reaches its destination.

—FAITH BALDWIN



THE Complex Art of Knowing the Moment

By ARTHUR GORDON

A GRAND OLD actor, Charles Coburn, died not long ago. I never knew him well, but I never forgot one conversation we had. I had been sent to interview him, actually, and so I asked him a stock question: What does one need to get ahead in life? Brains? Energy? Education?

He shook his head. "Those things help. But there's something I consider even more important: *knowing the moment.*"

I remember staring at him, pencil poised. "What moment?"

"The moment," he said, "to act—or not to act. The moment to speak—or to keep silent. On the stage, as every actor knows, timing is the all-important factor. I believe it's the key in life, too. If you can master the art of knowing the moment in your marriage, your work, your relationship with others, you won't have to pursue happiness or run after success. They'll walk right in through your front door!"

I never forgot that interview because the old actor was so right. A capacity for timing, for *knowing the moment,* brings richer rewards than almost any other gift. If you can learn to recognize the right moment when it comes, and act before it goes away, all the problems of life become vastly simplified.

On the other hand, if you do not develop this magic faculty, nothing goes right. What use is beauty to a woman if she constantly destroys the admiration she attracts with ill-timed remarks? What good is a bright idea to a man if he tries to put it across if there is no climate of acceptance?

People who constantly meet with failure are often disheartened by what seems to be a relentlessly hostile world. What they almost never realize is that time and again they are making the right effort at the wrong moment. Their problem is not bad luck; it is bad timing.

"Oh, these quarreling couples," I heard a family-relations court judge say the other day. "If only they'd realize that there are times when everyone's threshold of irritability is low, when a person can't stand nagging or criticism—or even good advice! If married partners would just take the trouble to study each other's moods, and know when to air a grievance or when to show affection, the divorce rate in this country would be cut in half!"

The judge was saying what Charles Coburn had said: know the moment. How many domestic explosions are caused by wives who choose to complain about something when their husbands are tired and hungry, instead of simply waiting until after dinner? How much unnecessary damage is done by parents who cannot or will not postpone a quarrel until the children are out of the way?

Once, in penitent mood, I asked my wife which of my smaller failings annoyed her most. "Your tendency," she said promptly, "to wait until we're about to walk into a party before telling me that my hair is mussed or my dress doesn't look quite right."

Well, of course!

In rearing children, too, knowing the moment is at least half the battle: when to praise and when to blame, when to punish and when to look the other way. A child is not a machine. Sometimes he is rested and happy. Sometimes he is tired and cross. Same child, but different moments—and each moment calls for different treatment. Each age does, too; you will not get eight-year-old performance from a five-year-old. But some parents are forever trying to hurry the moment.

Good manners are often nothing but good timing. What is more annoying than to be interrupted in mid anecdote? Who is more welcome than the dinner guest who ends an awkward silence with an easy phrase?

Who has not been trapped for what seems like a lifetime by the bore who never knows when to leave?

Knowing the moment can mean the difference between success and failure in romance, too. As a young man, the headmaster of one of our great church schools married a beautiful and popular Boston debutante. Everyone was astonished, since he was a poverty-stricken and rather homely young minister. Finally someone asked him how he had managed to make the girl say yes.

"Well," he said with a grin, "I knew I had a lot of rivals, but I also knew that I was in love with the most tenderhearted girl in the world. One snowy night when I was taking her out, I slipped and fell all the way down the porch steps. I was not hurt much.

"But I waited till she rushed to help me. Then I stopped groaning long enough to ask her to marry me. I figured she would not be able to add to my misery by turning me down. I was right!"

Often it is the unexpected timing that makes the strongest impression. I have a friend who always waits six months before writing to congratulate a man on a new job or a woman on a new baby. By that time, he says, all the headaches of both are in full swing, and a word of encouragement is much more welcome.

A SENSE of humor can help in good timing, too. Down in Georgia, a doctor who had arranged for a childless couple to adopt a new-born baby was making some late night calls with his wife. Suddenly he said, "The adoption papers are all in order. Let's go to the hospital and get the baby for Ruth and Kenneth."

"At this hour?" cried his wife. "Why, they aren't ready. They're not supposed to get the baby for several days. They'd be scared to death!"

"Ha!" said the doctor. "New babies have a way of arriving late at night —and first-time parents are always scared to death. It'll give them a good, normal start. Let's do it!"

So the baby was "delivered" in the middle of the night, the parents were flustered, excited, and upset, and it was indeed a memorable beginning.

For a long time after that interview with Charles Coburn I thought that timing was a gift, something you were born with, like unusually keen vision or a sharp ear for music. But gradually, observing people who seemed blessed with the gift, I began to realize that it was a skill that could be acquired by anyone who cared to make the effort. Talking to such people, asking them about their techniques, I came to the conclusion that anyone who wishes to master the art of good timing must keep five basic requirements in mind.

First, keep yourself constantly aware of how decisive timing can be in human affairs, of how true Shakespeare's insight was when he wrote, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, *taken at the flood,* leads on to fortune." Once you have grasped the full importance of "knowing the moment," you have taken the first step toward acquiring a capacity for it.

Next, make a pact with yourself (a pact you will undoubtedly break at times) never to act or speak when driven by the whirlwinds of anger, fear, hurt, jealousy, or resentment. These emotional monkey wrenches can wreck the most carefully developed timing mechanism. Winston Churchill once said to an explosive general, "Sir, you do not possess your emotions; they possess you!" To be so possessed is to lose the objectivity and selectivity that are the essence of good timing.

I still remember the lesson I was once taught about the necessity for self-control. At a turbulent public meeting one night, I lost my temper and said some harsh and sarcastic things—with the result that the proposal I was supporting was promptly defeated. My father, who was there, said nothing at the time, but later that night, on my pillow, I found a marked passage from Aristotle: "Anybody can become angry—that is easy; but to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way—that is not within everybody's power and is not easy."

Third, sharpen your powers of anticipation. The future is not a closed book. Much of what is going to happen is determined by what is happening now. Yet relatively few people make a conscious effort to project themselves beyond the present, gauge future probabilities, and act accordingly.

This look-ahead capacity is so important in business that many corporations make it the main yardstick for job advancement. But it is just as important in running a household. Will Saturday be a good day for a trip to the beach? Better have cold cuts and sandwich bread on hand just in case. Is your widowed mother-in-law's health beginning to fail? Better face the possibility that she may have to move in with you or be placed in a nursing home. Very few of the problems and crises of life present themselves without some warning. The art of good timing, then, includes knowing the moment when present action will eliminate future trouble or gain future advantages.

FOURTH, learn patience. "Everything comes," said Disraeli, "if a man will only wait." But very often, if the right moment does not present itself, people decide that it is never coming at all and take some premature action that spoils everything. There is no easy formula for acquiring patience, which is a subtle blend of wisdom and self-control. You just have to believe, with Emerson, that, "if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

Sometimes the waiting period involves months or years.

Sometimes the waiting period involves only seconds—but they can be excruciating seconds. A Civil War story my grandfather used to tell was a good example of this. One September afternoon in 1862, he and about 20 other Confederate cavalrymen under a young lieutenant were covering a retreat from a town in Maryland.

As they reached the crest of a hill, a much larger force of Federal cavalry came racing in pursuit. The outnumbered Confederates wheeled to face them. At that moment, Wade Hampton, the fiery general from South Carolina, rode up. "Charge them!" he ordered.

The lieutenant was watching the onrushing enemy calmly. "Let's wait a minute, General," he said.

The Yankees reached the foot of the hill; their pace slackened as they began laboring up it. At precisely the point where the grade was steepest, the lieutenant hurled his little troop

These Words Warmed Wesley's Heart at Aldersgate

"Preach faith until you have it," Peter Boehler advised. It finally came to Methodism's founder during a reading of Luther's *Preface to the Epistle to the Romans,* in which this pertinent section appears.

FAITH is not something dreamed, a human illusion, although this is what many people understand by the term. Whenever they see that it is not followed either by an improvement in morals or by good works, while much is still being said about faith, they fall into the error of declaring that faith is not enough, that we must do "works" if we are to become upright and attain salvation. The reason is that, when they hear the Gospel, they miss the point; in their hearts, and out of their own resources, they conjure up an idea which they call "belief," which they treat as genuine faith. All the same, it is but a human fabrication, an idea without a corresponding experience in the depths of the heart. It is therefore ineffective and not followed by a better kind of life.

Faith, however, is something that God effects in us. It changes us and we are reborn from God [John 1:13]. Faith puts the old Adam to death and makes us quite different men in heart, in mind, and in all our powers; and it is accompanied by the Holy Spirit. O, when it comes to faith, what a living, creative, active, powerful thing it is. It cannot do other than good at all times. It never waits to ask whether there is some good work to do. Rather, before the question is raised, it has done the deed, and keeps on doing it. A man not active in this way is a man without faith. He is groping about for faith and searching for good works, but knows neither what faith is nor what good works are. Nevertheless, he keeps on talking nonsense about faith and good works.

Faith is a living and unshakable confidence, a belief in the grace of God so assured that a man would die a thousand deaths for its sake. This kind of confidence in God's grace, this sort of knowledge of it, makes us joyful, high-spirited, and eager in our relations with God and with all mankind. That is what the Holy Spirit effects through faith. Hence, the man of faith, without being driven, willingly and gladly seeks to do good to everyone, serve everyone, suffer all kinds of hardships, for the sake of the love and glory of the God who has shown him such grace. It is impossible, indeed, to separate works from faith, just as it is impossible to separate heat and light from fire. Beware, therefore, of wrong conceptions of your own, and of those who talk nonsense while thinking they are pronouncing shrewd judgments on faith and works whereas they are showing themselves the greatest of fools. Offer up your prayers to God, and ask Him to create faith in you; otherwise, you will always lack faith, no matter how you try to deceive yourself, or what your efforts . . .

upon them. The shock of 20 horses thundering downhill broke the Yankee formation and drove it back to defeat. Ten seconds earlier or later, and it would have been a different story. The young lieutenant knew the moment, waited for it—and won.

The final—and most difficult—step is learning to get outside yourself. Each moment is shared by every living creature, but each person sees it from a different point of view. Really knowing the moment, then, includes knowing how it looks to other people.

Dean Charles R. Brown was a minister who always made a point of paying Christmas calls on families in his parish where a death had occurred during the year. He knew what a hard day Christmas would be. His sense of timing also told him that the saddest moment after a death was not at the funeral service or even at the grave. It was coming back afterward to the empty house. That was when he dropped in.

Imagination—that is the key. A great philanthropist, the late Mrs. John Dibert of New Orleans, told how one night in midwinter, riffling through a magazine, her eyes were caught by a cartoon. In it, two ragged, old women were shivering over a meager fire. "What you thinkin' about, Maggie?" asked one. "About the nice warm clothes the rich ladies will be givin' us next summer," answered the other.

Mrs. Dibert, supporter of hospitals, donor to many charities, looked at the cartoon for a long time. Finally she went up into the attic, unpacked trunks, made bundles of warm clothes to be distributed the next day. From then on, she resolved to time her charity better, to give, as she put it, "to the ones whose needs are *now*."

Good timing, then, is not a single attribute; it is a combination of characteristics. Awareness, self-control, anticipation, patience, imagination—all these are essential elements, and all must be developed slowly and separately. But this in itself is an exciting challenge, and when the challenge is met the rewards are great. As the Old Testament says, "For everything there is a season, and a time to every matter under heaven."

It was true three thousand years ago. It still is true today.

What Aldersgate Means to Me

By HARRY DENMAN
General Secretary, Methodist Board of Evangelism

SEVERAL years ago, when a man asked me: "What happened to John Wesley at Aldersgate?" I prayed for help before answering. The Lord did help me. I quoted Wesley's own words from his *Journal*:

"I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

Now the editor of TOGETHER has asked me: "What does Aldersgate mean to you?" I have prayed, and I know the Lord is helping me to answer.

At Aldersgate, John Wesley received the assurance of salvation. He knew Christ as his *personal* Savior, and he knew that he knew it. For 13 years he had searched for this assurance. He was a good churchman. He had daily, disciplined devotional habits. He was a scholar. He had a concern for persons because we read of his humanitarian ministry. He was a missionary to the Indians in Georgia. He knew Christ was the Savior of the world.

When A. G. Spangenberg, the Moravian preacher in Georgia, asked Wesley, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" he replied, "I know he is the Savior of the world." But the questioner persisted, "True, but do you know he has saved you?" Wesley replied, "I hope he has died to save me." The Aldersgate experience was yet to come.

Back in London, he tried to find salvation in Christ by reasoning with Peter Boehler. (Susanna Wesley had testified how her son John liked to reason.) However, at Aldersgate he finally found salvation in Christ by a simple faith which he felt. This came from the heart and not from the mind.

He became an "in Christ" person rather than an "in scholarship" person. Christ thereafter used the mind and the knowledge of John Wesley as never before.

He became an "in Christ" person rather than an "in church" person. Christ used him to try to bring a new birth to the church of which he was a priest, but when he was resisted by this fellowship, a new movement, which was to become a new church, was born.

He became an "in Christ" person rather than an "in social reform" person, but Christ used him as never before to reform the nation and the new continent on which it was loosed.

We, as Methodists, need to be "in Christ" persons instead of "in church" persons. The church is more than a club for the payment of dues, for faithful attendance at worship service, and for faithful committee work. The church is more than this. It is the living Christ incarnated in persons who are his body and his voice in this sin-sick world —a world which needs reformation but cannot be reformed except by persons regenerated through the grace of God.

After Aldersgate, John Wesley began making Christ known to others. Previously, he held to the attitude expressed in these words: "I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church." But after hearing Whitefield [1] preach in the fields his attitude quickly changed. As he says, "I submitted to be more vile." Wesley preached Christ to people wherever he found them. As he wrote many times, "I gave them Christ. I gave them Christ."

Prior to Aldersgate, Wesley had gone to Georgia as a missionary. Full of concern for persons, he went to them. After Aldersgate, Christ in John Wesley went to the unwanted, the unloved, and the neglected of the 18th century. He was the voice of Christ with a love message for *all* persons. He was the body of Christ with his concern and compassion for *all* persons.

His lay preachers came to the new continent to make Christ known on the American frontier. They did it with their lives and their lips.

Today America is a frontier nation of cities and suburbs needing Christ. We have the inner-city with its high-priced apartment dweller and tenement-house resident, with its minority groups of different races, languages, and nationalities. Suburbia is a frontier whose inhabitants are saturated with things. It is hard for them to be dominated by the spiritual when material things are in such abundance. We need "in Christ" persons to make the Savior known in both frontier places.

Methodism needs an Aldersgate. Methodism

needs to know Christ as Savior. We know him as a man, we know him as a prophet, we know him as a teacher; but we must know him as the Savior of *all* persons.

Wesley had something to give to persons, something more than an institution, more than money, more than prestige or knowledge. He had a person—the Christ as a loving Savior—to give. He could say what Simon Peter said to the lame beggar at the gate of the Temple, "I give you what I have."

If all we have is a pulpiteer, then that is all we can give. If all we have is a building, then that is all we can give. If we have a Savior and we know that our sins are forgiven, then we can give other persons a Savior who forgives, who redeems, and who reconciles.

Wesley, after Aldersgate, made Christ known to the social order of his day. He had a concern for the children of the streets who needed to know about Christ. He was against the evils that destroyed or harmed personality.

Methodism's founder preached and lived not a slanted Gospel but the Gospel of redemption. He knew that a new person in Christ becomes a new person in all relationships. A changed person changes society. The social order is not changed by resolutions but by "in Christ" persons who live revolutionary lives.

People of the 20th century need Christ as much as the people of the 18th century needed him. All areas of life—economic, financial, educational, ecclesiastical, political, recreational, and family—need to know Christ as Savior. This is easy to write or say but it is difficult to do.

Christ is made known by the performance, by the behavior, and by the deeds of his disciples.

We are thankful for the men, women, and youth who have become or will become "in Christ" persons by having the assurance of Christ as their personal Savior.

Let us pray that the followers of John Wesley will experience a "heart-warming" conversion and will come to know Christ as their Savior as Wesley did at Aldersgate.

[1] *For the story of this early Methodist preacher and his influence on English and American Methodism, see* Eloquent George Whitefield, TOGETHER, *March, page 28.*—EDITORS.

Methodism's Global Evangelist

Refusing salary, car, home, and most of the world's material things, Harry Denman is known to millions as Methodism's most active—and individualistic—lay evangelist. *By LOUISE DAVIS*

"WHY DID YOU let that preacher come in here?" one customer asked the bartender in an Arkansas night spot.

"I don't know anybody who needs him more!" the bartender shot back as he invited Methodism's nonconforming evangelist, Harry Denman, to return.

But Mr. Denman, described by Billy Graham as "the greatest practitioner of personal evangelism in America," is not even an ordained minister.

A tall, craggy-browed, liquor-hating man who can no more help being an evangelist than the wind can hold itself in a tree, he heads the Methodist Board of Evangelism, credited with bringing 500,000 persons a year into the church. After 22 years with the board, he insists he is doing only those things that every layman should do.

"All I've done is what all of us who are Christians are supposed to do," he says. "This thing of being a Christian is to be concerned about people."

He treasures the friendship of barflies and bootleggers. He buttonholes cabdrivers and porters, waitresses, and office boys to talk to them about their religion.

Ascetic as a monk—refusing salary, car, home, watch, and all but a minimum wardrobe—the bachelor-missionary spends his days and nights on trains and planes, traveling from his Nashville headquarters to Africa, Korea, Indiana, or Arkansas to put the word of God in as many hearts as he can.

Just back from an African trip, Harry Denman relaxes briefly (between planes, as it were) in the small apartment over his office in the Board of Evangelism building, Nashville, Tenn.

But he guards his layman standing the way an athlete does his amateur rank. It is demonstration to him of his belief that every Christian is obligated to be a priest, a missionary, an evangelist.

"It's your actions that speak—not what you say," Mr. Denman said. "All of us talk with our lives."

What it is in his life that has stirred as many as 1,200 Koreans in one week to accept Christianity is difficult to pinpoint.

Office workers on his staff adore him. Church workers in cities where he has spoken plan their vacation trips so that they can go by his office to speak to him. Churchmen of all ages from Canada to Mexico, from Norway to Katanga, clamor for his soul-shaking visits.

Just back from six weeks in Africa, Denman slouched in a big red leather chair in his apartment (on an upper floor of the board's office building, provided for him last year over his protests) and battled every attempt to get him to discuss his career.

But he did describe his technique in meeting men not ordinarily touched by the church. The minute he hits a strange town, he said, he asks the pastor of the local church to give him the names of families who are not attending church. He knocks on their door, puts the responsibility squarely on the parents.

He visits business offices, stores, shops, and hotels to invite the personnel to his services in the church.

"I never skip the liquor stores or the poolrooms," Mr. Denman said.

"I tell the men I'd like to have two or three minutes to talk with them and invite them to our services. First I pray for our country, and then for them, and then I ask them to pray for me. Harlots, bartenders, and all—I always ask them to pray for me."

That parting shot—"Pray for me"—is enough to knock the glass out of a nonpraying man's hand.

"I don't know why you bother to come here," one liquor store owner said. With disarming directness, Mr. Denman answered: "Because God loves you, and I love you."

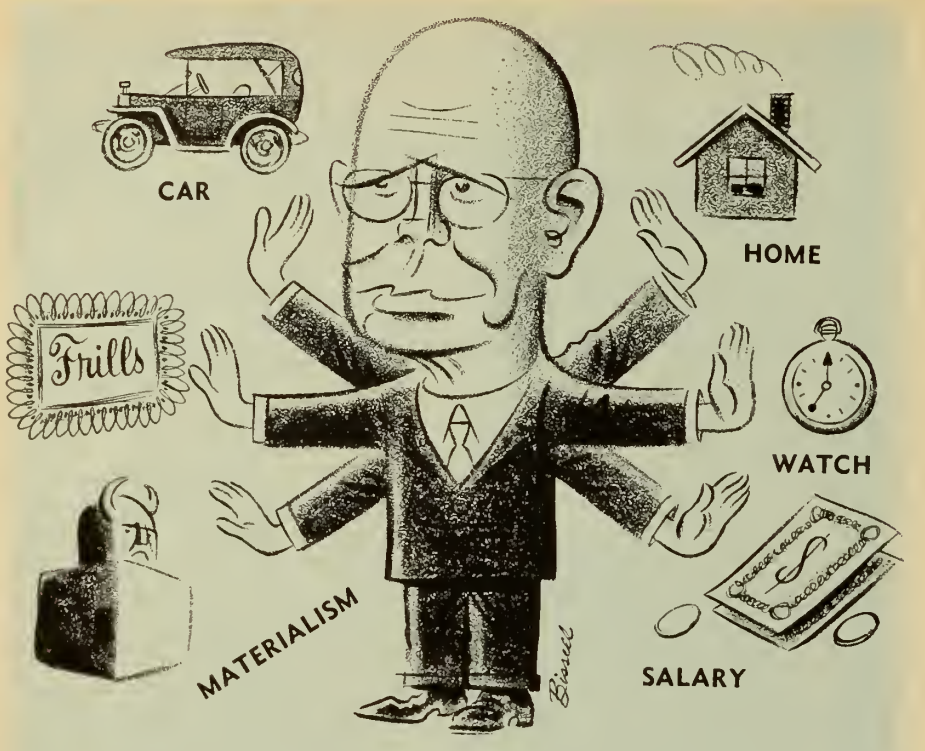
Even in Katanga, Mr. Denman found that drunks reeling out of "beer places" responded to his concern for them.

"So many church people won't have anything to do with people who do things they disapprove of," he said. "We have to disapprove of lots of things that people *do*, but we must love *them*."

It is his immense tenderness for all mankind which, more than anything else, sets him apart from other men. He scowls over his glasses even as he speaks gently of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who has spilled his tremendous, sophisticated gifts into Africa's vast valleys of raw want; of Dr. Helen Kim of Korea, "the greatest woman in the world"; of "dear friends" in federal prisons; of dope addicts and embezzlers whose confidence he treasures.

He disagrees with official pronouncements of the church so often that some high-placed Methodists find him embarrassing. He bluntly tells congregations their weaknesses.

"He really lets us have it right between the eyes," one Fort Wayne, Ind., church member said after Denman services there for a week. "He organized the membership into teams for personal evangelism, and he made



Harry Denman says no to many of the material things others cherish, but does not believe these things are evil in themselves. "It is in the misuse of these things that the trouble comes," he says.

every team work. In fact he worked with us. He didn't make it easy."

He hammers away at the responsibility of each church member.

"There's too much letting the preacher do it," Mr. Denman said. "We have to have the same concern for persons that Christ had. The church has to leave the pew and go to the home."

He sees materialism, not communism, as America's biggest enemy, explaining: "We overcome communism by living the Christian life. I am not afraid of communism, because I have something better. Communism will never destroy the United States; it is being destroyed by secularism.

"It is not the material things that are evil; it is in the misuse of those things that the trouble comes.

"You don't have to be rich to worship material things. Some people worship a small amount of money. It is not the amount that matters.

"Jesus said to pile it up in heaven . . . but the American is so accustomed to worshiping money that the great shock comes when a businessman goes to jail. The big commandment, with many Americans, is: *Don't get caught.*"

For years, Mr. Denman has turned down invitations to Christmas dinner in the homes of his friends so that he could share the day with men in prison. He insists on eating what they eat, doing what he can to encourage them in a new life.

Equally effective before an audience of thousands of churchmen at a worldwide conference or in the skimpy living room of a laborer's family, he sticks to his job 18 hours a day.

To squeeze the best work out of the predawn hours—the best part of the day for him—he sleeps from 6 p.m. to midnight, turns out six hours of work before most people get up.

"If I am making a speech at night, I get to bed by 10 p.m., and am up by 4 a.m.," he said. "Nobody needs more than six hours sleep a day."

Shunning a watch has become a part of him. When churches find that he will accept no pay for his services, they sometimes try to present him a fine watch. He turns it down or gives it away.

How does he catch planes around the world without a watch?

"There are clocks everywhere," is his reply. "Not having a watch gives me opportunity to talk to strangers. It's an icebreaker.

"When you're traveling, you have to change the time so often anyway. I don't want to bother with that. I just look at the clock when I get there. Besides, people who have watches are impatient. They keep looking at their watches while they wait for their plane. It's bad for the health."

A man of vast energy, Harry Denman pares away every frill that wastes time and effort. He is convinced that the time saved by drudgery-saving gadgets in most homes is consumed in taking care of those gadgets. He is appalled by the little time left in most homes for worship and cultural pursuits.

The muchness of things in this country bears heavily on him when he sees the few spoonfuls of rice it takes to keep people alive in other countries. Doing without has become a game, a challenge to him.

"I see how little people in other countries eat, and how much we put in the garbage can," he said. "It turns you against all these unnecessary things that we Americans have. It makes me want to do without."

Harry Denman did without all luxuries in his early years. Born 69 years ago in Birmingham, Ala., he was the son of English parents who met after they came to this country. Denman, who still considers himself an Alabaman, learned some stern lessons there.

"I grew up in the good old days when you worked if you ate," he replied, flashing one of his rare grins. "It was root hog or die. It wasn't a bad time to live. It was a good life."

He quit school before high school to "run errands for two lawyers" for a while, and then to work as office boy and, later, clerk for Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

It was then, as a teen-ager, that he fell under the spell of a church-school teacher. Through her inspiration, he decided to go back to school and prepare for work in religious education.

"I didn't graduate from high school until I was 22 years old," he

recalls. "Then I went on to college at Birmingham Southern and got my B.A. and M.A. degrees."

For 19 years, first in youth work and then in the church business office, he worked at First Methodist Church in Birmingham. He became a force in the city's civic life, served on the county school board, led the state's dry forces through bitter legislative battle.

"One of my best friends led the wet side," Mr. Denman says. "He was a newspaper writer, and we often traveled together. We fought each other politically, but we were the best of friends."

When he and the bootleggers watched the legislative proceedings, they sat side by side. In 1937, when his mother—a great church worker and the inspiration of his life—died, all the bootleggers in town went to her funeral.

"I was deeply touched by that," said the man whose whole life has been shaped by one idea: that every man's soul is worth going after.

After his mother's death, Denman presented their home to a new Methodist church just getting started in the neighborhood. Unencumbered by possessions ("Nothing bothers you till you get it"), Denman began his suitcase life when he went to Nashville in 1940 to become general secretary of the Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church.

For a while, he lived in a hotel room in Nashville, but he was out of the city so much that he gave it up. He could keep his few treasured photographs of family and friends in his office, and that was all he cared about having.

When the Board of Evangelism moved their offices into a former residence at 1900 Grand Avenue in Nashville, they furnished an upstairs apartment for his use.

"It's the nearest thing to a home I've had since 1937," he says, "but I'm never there."

On the walls of the trim, bright apartment are pictures of his mother and of Dr. Helen Kim, the recently retired president of the largest university for women in the world, Methodist-related Ewha University in Korea.

"She is a wonderful woman, a beautiful woman, easily the greatest woman in the world," Mr. Denman said in one of his rare rhapsodic moments.

"It is because of the influence of Helen Kim that we were able to baptize hundreds of women in Korea—1,021 last year and 700 the first time we were there." There were 4,906 rededications last year.

Mr. Denman has been to Korea six or seven times in the last few years. He has a deep tenderness for the people who have suffered so much and borne so bravely.

In Africa, recently, he was surprised to find that high-school students had never heard of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the world-famous musician-philosopher-physician who abandoned fame and fortune in Europe to minister to diseased people in some of the bleakest outposts of Africa.

"They didn't know Schweitzer and they didn't know of anybody in the United States," Denman said. "This was way out in the bush. They had never heard of the United States, for that matter. It's good for your soul to realize that, when you think the United States is so important."

As Mr. Denman traveled about Southern Rhodesia, the Northern Congo, South Africa, holding evangelistic missions in police camps, in government housing projects where policemen and their families lived, and in villages, he saw the overpowering hunger of the people for books.

In Katanga, where Methodists and Catholics have worked out a system, by comity, or courtesy, for establishing missions so that their work does not overlap, the results are astounding, he said.

"Those people have a hunger for knowledge, a thirst for anything to read," he said. "Of course, French is their language, and all the books we send them have to be in French."

But Mr. Denman, who had only two days in Nashville after his African trip before he was to leave for Mexico and then Korea, found time in those two days to round up some books to be bundled off for Katanga.

He quoted a balking churchman who complained, "Give, give, give. . . . That's all you hear at church these days."

"That's right," Harry Denman said. "You've defined Christianity. It's give, give, give."

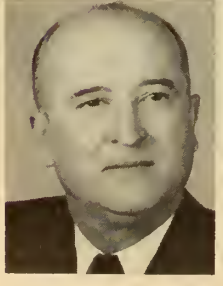
Still a tireless evangelist at 69, he owns little more than his suit and overcoat, plus contents of the small case he carries.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Too Easy To Be a Methodist Today?

Make it tough to keep out the habitual joiners, advocates a woman leader who deplores the deadwood on the rolls. But a prominent pastor sees the church as a lifelong school for training in Christianity.

Mrs. Porter Brown is general secretary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.



Ben F. Lehmberg is minister of First Methodist Church of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Yes, says Mrs. Brown.

THE QUESTION of requirements for church membership necessarily must revolve around two points of concern: (1) the degree of maturity in religious experience for admittance into membership, and (2) the degree of commitment to witness which membership involves.

The stand of some pastors—most of the pastors of the church where I was a member most of my life—was that *intention* is enough.

Often no more information than name and address was recorded following the answering of the questions for membership. I have known pastors who explained to membership prospects that membership really is very simple—no obligations—just come with the crowd on Easter morning and receive the right hand of fellowship.

How many times have I heard my pastor give the following invitation at the close of his sermon: "If there are those in the congregation today who would like to unite with our church, will you come forward during the singing of the last stanza of the hymn."

Frequently some person whom the pastor had never seen before presented himself, gave his name, and was received then and there into the fellowship of our church.

More than once a person, at that moment playing the ninth hole on the golf course, was received by letter of transfer on Sunday morning.

In conversation with other Methodists, I have confirmed that our local church was no different from hundreds of others and that our pastors were average. All of which raises the important question: just how low can the hurdles for present membership in The Methodist Church be and have any significance?

Examining the roll of that church, one found numbers of names that no one could remember. No one knew the whereabouts of the persons bearing those names. They had come and they had gone.

"Easy come, easy go." No doubt some had moved away. Some were still living in the community, feeling no sense of responsibility either for the program or the support of the church. They never had had any conversation about their Christian faith. There had been no plan for nurture of their faith, other than sending a pledge card. They had just "joined the church."

Do not misunderstand me. I am in full agreement with those who say that membership is a first step in a growing experience that should lead to a mature concept of the church and Christian discipleship. When a candidate presents himself for church membership, I do not plead for his mature understanding of either the tenets of the Christian faith or the Articles of Religion of The Methodist Church. I do plead for literacy in the meaning of Christian discipleship and the membership vows.

No stigma should be attached to the status of preparatory member for an adult. Our early church fathers often insisted on the memorizing of the catechism and familiarity with the Articles of Religion, as well as faithful adherence to the means of grace. I am of the opinion that a little of this would not hurt present-day Methodists, and a period of training before membership vows are taken would have great value.

This might well mean fewer accessions to the church—fewer to be registered on the conference report—but I do not conceive of the local church goal as being the largest membership in town or the distinction of the longest list of new adherents in a year. Although I believe strongly that consistent growth in church membership is a mark of a vital church, I conceive the ultimate goal as being the winning of men and women, boys and girls, to Christ and his church and preparing them for membership by instructing them in the knowledge and love of God and his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the doctrine of The Methodist Church. With greater consistency will they then become "bearers of the good news." Their lives will demonstrate that they are a people called apart.

Among results of the failure of the church at these points are that too many members neither know nor care that there is no difference be-

tween the lives of the church members and nonmembers; that the witness of the church is neutralized by weak and even negative church members; and that the local lodge or pinochle club has more exacting requirements for membership than the average Methodist church, asking at least some interest, a little money, and fairly regular attendance.

I have not always felt so strongly about this matter of church membership. I felt as do many of my Methodist neighbors and friends: it just did not matter. The church was there, and I had my name on the roll. The pastor married people, buried them, and called at the hospital when someone was sick. I attended intermittently and indulged in a fair share of the church activities. Then the family moved to California.

One Sunday morning I attended First Methodist Church in Glendale and requested the pastor to send for my church letter. He was gracious and eager to comply, but explained to me that a class was received into church membership once a month following four weeks' instruction in the nature and meaning of church membership. He would expect me to be present at each of four full evening sessions before being received, even by transfer.

I had been a Methodist for 35 years. I, who had even been on the official board, now was being asked to attend a class for instruction in preparation for church membership! It was an insult!

The pastor was kind but firm. If I wanted to be a member of First Church, Glendale, I had to take these four periods of instruction. Still muttering, I rearranged my usual Sunday-evening schedule to comply.

As I remember, the first two sessions were a review of the basic tenets of our Christian faith and commitment, with emphasis on our baptismal vow. The third session was instruction in the history and doctrine of The Methodist Church. The fourth session was a statement of the history of the local church, an explanation of its program in detail, and conversation about the obligations of membership that include a pledge of prayer, presence, service, and money.

A sheet of paper was given to each member on which he was asked to indicate his intention to hold his church in his prayers and what service he would give to the church. Possibilities for the latter ranged from teaching a church-school class or singing in the choir to stuffing envelopes or making a car available to transport youth to camp. The list was so varied that every person, regardless of physical or mental ability, could find his place to serve.

We also made our pledge to the church budget.

Such preparation for church membership had other values. The candidates came to know one another and the class, in a very real sense, became a koinonia group, a fellowship of disciples. As the evenings went by, there was opportunity for the pastor to learn the name, profession, family, and so on of each individual so that, at the reception of members in the worship service, the pastor called each of the 22 persons by name without referring to any aid.

Following the responses to the questions asked for membership, we knelt at the altar rail while the minister laid his hand on our uncovered heads, saying: "The Lord defend thee with his heavenly grace and by his Spirit confirm thee in the faith and fellowship of all true disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen."

He then addressed the candidates: "We rejoice to recognize you as members of the church of Christ, and bid you welcome to all its privileges; and in token of our brotherly love, we give you the right hand of fellowship, and pray that you may be numbered with his people here and with his saints in glory everlasting."

This had been no casual reception into the church. It had been a preparation of mind, and heart, and spirit for recognition into the blessed fellowship of the forgiving and the forgiven which is the Church.

When I rose to my feet from the altar rail, I did so with a consciousness of discipleship that I shall never lose. I had done more than "join the church."

Bishop Everett W. Palmer of the Seattle Area (he was the pastor) and I met recently at a church meeting, and we again spoke of his requirement for church membership. He said: "Contrary to what may be expected, I have had but one person refuse to participate in the instruction class, and that person returned in a matter of months again seeking membership on our terms."

This pastor and others like him, who have made some basic requirements for membership in The Methodist Church, are in good company, for John Wesley himself sanctioned dropping from membership persons who had been improperly or inadequately prepared.

In addition to the Articles of Religion, which John Wesley regarded as basic Methodist doctrine, there are also the General Rules, found in every *Discipline,* of which he wrote: "These are the general rules of our societies; all of which we are taught of God to observe, even in his written Word, which is the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our

The Marks of a Methodist

A Methodist is one who lives according to the method laid down in the Bible.

He is one who loves the Lord with all his heart, who prays without ceasing and in everything gives thanks. His heart is full of love to all mankind, and is purified from envy, malice, wrath, and every unkind affection.

He keeps all God's commandments from the least unto the greatest. He follows not the customs of the world. He cannot speak evil of his neighbor any more than he can lie. He does good unto all men, neighbors, friends, and enemies.

These are the principles and practices of our sect. These are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone, do Methodists desire to be distinguished from other men.

—John Wesley

faith and practice. And all these we know his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts. If there be any among us who observes them not, who habitually breaks any of them, let it be known unto them who watch over that soul as they who must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways. We will bear with him for a season. But, if then he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls." Thus did John Wesley close the rules of the Methodist canon.

I venture to say that only a small percentage of the members of our church have ever read the Articles of Religion or the General Rules of The Methodist Church. It goes without saying that we all fall short of complete achievement of the standards set for us as Methodists; but it is the duty of every pastor who receives a member into his church to give him instruction in the requirements for membership in the church he is joining, and then to provide, as time goes by, nurture in the faith and opportunities for Christian growth.

More than minimal basic requirements may mean a slowdown in the growth of church membership, though I am not convinced of this. I am convinced that they would mean a more literate and committed membership and a stronger Methodist witness in the world.

No, replies Mr. Lehmberg.

NOT AT ALL! I would object to any legislation making it more difficult.

In the bulletin of the church I serve, under the invitation hymn following the sermon, this notation appears: "Every service should result in a commitment to God. If you desire to unite with First Methodist Church come forward as the invitation hymn is being sung." No one who comes forward is denied membership. He is received immediately.

The invitation is given at services each Sunday, and every Sunday at one or the other, or at both services, there are those who step forward and are received into the church, professing faith in Jesus Christ and pledging loyalty to his church.

Something should happen when people come for worship. Perhaps one of the failures in worship is the lack of expectancy.

To me, "joining the church" is step number one in the process of becoming a Christian. Then through the program of ministerial shepherding and tutelage, the member grows in the Christian life and service.

By taking this first step—accepting the invitation of Christ to "follow me" and uniting with his church—the individual joins a school of learners in Christian discipleship.

In his book *The Church We Love* Luther E. Lovejoy said that in his school days, before he accepted the church's invitation to its fellowship, while groping and stumbling about, a good man asked him: "Are you a Christian?"

He replied: "I do not know. What is a Christian?"

The elderly saint replied: "A Christian is a person who is going to school to Christ."

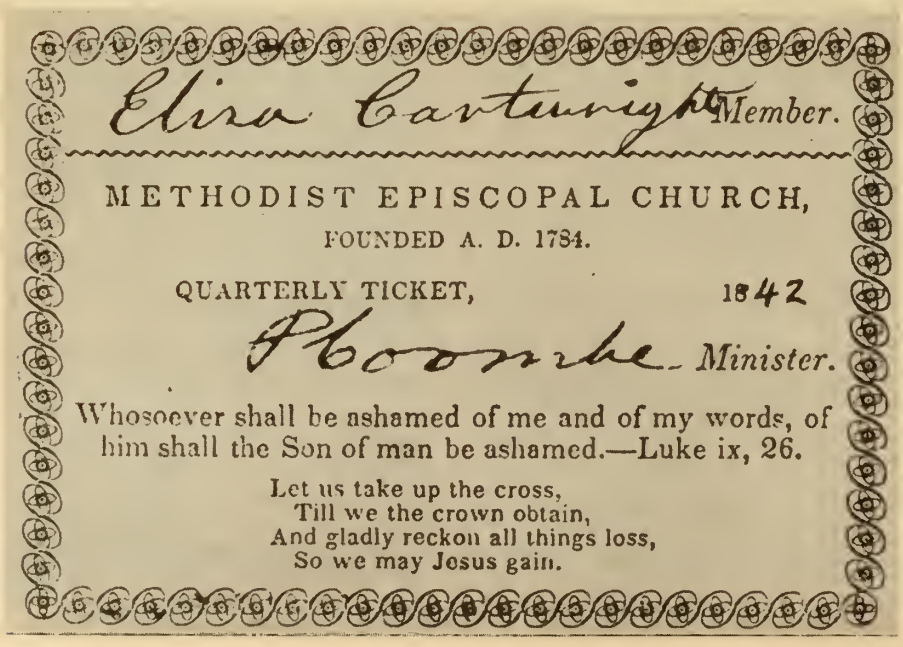
That simple illustration and Dr. Lovejoy's discussion of the meaning of the church in the life of an individual impressed on me as a young minister that the Church is "Christ's school." We do not send our children to school because they know everything. We send them because they know so little, and we hope they may learn more. We do not become church members because we know all about being a Christian but because we know so little and desire to know more and become more.

I know the disciplinary suggestions for "Admission into the Church":

All persons seeking to be saved from their sins and sincerely desiring to be Christian in faith and practice are proper candidates for membership in The Methodist Church. When such persons offer themselves for membership, it shall be the duty of the pastor, or of proper persons appointed by him, to instruct them in the meaning of the Christian faith and the history, organization, and teaching of The Methodist Church; to explain to them the baptismal and membership vows; and to lead them to commit themselves to Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. When they shall have given proof of the genuineness of their faith in Christ and of their desire to assume the obligations and become faithful members of The Methodist Church, and after the rite of Baptism has been administered to those who have not been previously baptized, he shall bring them before the congregation, administer the vows and receive them into the fellowship of the church, and duly enroll them as members. (Paragraph 107, 1960 *Discipline.*)

It must be a poor minister who during a year's preaching program does not instruct persons "in the meaning of the Christian faith and the history, organization, and teach-

In bygone days, admission to Methodist classes was by a card certifying that its holder was abiding by membership requirements and Christian precepts.


Eliza Cartwright Member.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

FOUNDED A. D. 1784.

QUARTERLY TICKET, 1842

Bloomfield Minister.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed.—Luke ix, 26.

Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

ing of The Methodist Church"! When an individual reaches the decision to step forward before a congregation of his fellowmen, and to answer affirmatively the questions concerning faith in Christ, allegiance to his kingdom, and loyalty to The Methodist Church, I believe that he has "given proof of the genuineness of [his] faith in Christ and [his] desire to assume the obligations and become [a] faithful member of The Methodist Church."

I ONCE read a statement that the only requirement for church membership should be that the individual is unworthy to belong!

There are minister friends of mine who are correct in arguing that there are too many members on our rolls who lack depth of experience, and that they really do not value their church membership as much as they value membership in Rotary, the Masons, or similar organizations. We agree that there is not enough difference between church members and nonmembers.

And so there are those ministers who require that candidates attend classes of instruction, whether coming by profession of faith or by transfer. They require certain definite promises before a person is allowed membership. Some even go so far as to require a pledge to the budget.

My experience convinces me that if the program of assimilation is adequate, such regimentation is not necessary and that a program of assimilation develops better members.

There is an old story of a little boy who fell out of bed during the night. Hearing him fall, his mother rushed to his room but found him already crawling back into bed. When she asked, "What caused you to fall out of bed?" he replied, "I don't know. I guess I just went to sleep too close to where I got in."

That's what we try to avoid. Again and again, the congregation is reminded, in the words found in "The Order For Receiving Persons Into the Church," that we "commend to your love and care these persons whom we this day recognize as members of the church of Christ. Do all in your power to increase their faith, confirm their hope, and perfect them in love."

This puts the congregation on notice that they are accepting responsibilities right along with the new members. To this end, we enlist the help of the leaders of the church—the chairman of the official board, president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service and her co-workers, the president of the Methodist Men and his co-workers, the youth leaders, the chairmen of the various commissions, church-school teachers and officers, and dozens of others. These contact new members by telephone, by letter, by personal visitation, and other methods. For example, every other month there is a "New Member Night" program to which the new members and the officials of the church are invited.

There also follows instruction in the meaning of membership, given in class meetings over a period of five weeks. When one five-week period is ended, a new class starts.

When we write for a membership transfer, we ask about attendance, teaching, work with youth groups, singing in choir, helping in serving dinners, ushering, and so forth. This helps us put the new member to work.

In addition, the membership secretary keeps a chart on the progress of the new member's participation.

After a certain period of time, a call is again made on the new member to inquire how the church is serving him, how it may serve him better, and how he is serving it.

In a recent magazine article, a young man who quit the ministry after four years in his first pastorate stated that his church listed 800 members and "only half ever came to church even periodically." His church was loaded with inactive members. He belongs to a denomination that requires candidates for membership to be questioned by a committee, which decides whether the applicant is qualified for membership. Such a practice has not solved the problem of the inactive church member.

The answer is in the "care and feeding of the church members," in the program of assimilation, in the program of continuous instruction from the pulpit, in the church school, and through literature, including TOGETHER, in every home.

Several years ago, at the close of a Sunday-morning service, when the invitation for church membership was given, a 69-year-old man stepped forward. He had lived in the community for 41 years without attending church, and had started coming to church at my strong invitation only a few weeks before. He asked to be baptized and received into the church. There were those present who shook their heads in doubt. They knew something of his life and his reputation. He was received. It was one of the most stirring services in which I have every participated. In the weeks which followed, we took a continued interest in him.

He attended morning services regularly. We have a Sunday-evening service. He attended it regularly. We have a midweekly "Hour of Power." He attended that. He accepted his stewardship responsibilities. Previously, he was known as a tightwad. Within a year, he accepted several positions of responsibility in the church. Some of the individuals who shook their heads in doubt the morning he joined told me later they had never observed such a change in the life of a person as in this man.

I could have said to him that morning he stepped forward, "Before I administer the sacrament of Baptism and receive you into the church, you must follow certain procedures which we have outlined." He probably would have, or he might have resented such regimentation. We followed the other procedure. He became a student of Methodism, and he became a dynamic witness.

OUR Master said to two fishermen one day, "Follow me and I will make you become fishers of men." They left their nets and followed him. I am sure they did not know what it was all about, but they were challenged by the Master. He passed by a tax collector's office and said to the young publican: "Follow me," which the latter did. How much did he know about "following Him"? Not much. But Jesus taught him and others in the months that followed, teaching them "as one who had authority," and they grew into his likeness, becoming eventually dynamic witnesses for the Kingdom.

The door of the church should be open, inviting all true seekers.

This Hogarth sketch shows some of the so-called "better" people having a high time in John Wesley's day in England. Many historians agree that never in modern times was depravity so rampant as in 17th-century England.

JOHN WESLEY—*A Man to Know*

By MILBURN P. AKERS Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

A CLASSICAL scholar, Oxford don and ordained clergyman of the Church of England, John Wesley, short, slight of stature, and in his lifetime plagued with illnesses, would seem to be an unlikely man to challenge debauchery, social injustices, and the complacency of 18th-century England. But that he did despite mob violence, the scorn of the aristocracy, the condemnation of the press, and the displeasure of the authorities of his own church.

He did it in a manner which later caused Woodrow Wilson, himself a trailblazing scholar, to remark:

"The church was dead and Wesley awakened it; the poor were neglected and Wesley sought them out; the gospel was shrunken into formulas and Wesley flung it fresh upon the air once more in the speech of common man."

This man whose career was a series of successful contradictions sought not only to win men's souls but also to put an end to the social injustices from which they suffered. He sought the reformation of the Church of England. The establishment of the Methodist Church (first in America—then after his death in England) was one of the results. The contemplative life appealed to him. But he became a man of action. His frail body demanded repose, but he drove himself unrelentingly. He was versed in the abstractions of philosophy, but an over-riding social consciousness compelled him to fight evils of his day.

The parish pulpit could not contain this man so long as there was a social evil uncorrected, an injustice unassailed. And England was rife with social injustices when John Wesley was born, the 15th of 19 children, in the rectory at Epworth, a small community 160 miles north of London, June 17, 1703.

Parson Samuel Wesley of the Anglican (Episcopal) faith had not been given any sinecure when he was assigned to the Epworth parish. It provided only a bare subsistence for the family. And it would not have been that save for his wife Susanna, a woman of exceptional talents, character, and energy.

Susanna—daughter, spouse, and mother of clergymen—had a strong religious conviction. Additionally, she possessed exceptional managerial capacity, a talent augmented by methodical habits. These traits were later evident in son John, a heritage from the woman properly termed the "mother of Methodism."

Susanna conducted her household on a rigid schedule, seeing to it that the children not only carried out the duties assigned but that they were diligent in the pursuit of knowledge and faithful in the exercise of their religious obligations.

Soon after his 10th birthday, young Wesley received a scholarship which enabled him to enroll at London's Charterhouse School, where, in a somewhat bleak atmosphere, he pursued the study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and philosophy. In due course, he qualified for admission to Christ Church College at Oxford.

Oxford was the intellectual center of England although then perhaps at its lowest ebb of scholarship. As Southey said of it: "The waters of Helicon were too much polluted with the wine of Bacchus."

Into this environment came John Wesley, son of the indomitable Susanna. Only five feet, four inches, in height, never weighing more than 120 pounds, frail and never in perfect health, Wesley did not succumb to his surroundings. He was studious, methodical, and, in the view of many of his associates, austere, quaint, and Puritanic. Even then, Wesley dared to be different.

As a former Charterhouse scholar, Wesley received an allowance of 40 pounds a year to defray his Oxford expenses. There was little help to

People Called Methodist
No. 29 in a Series

be had from the Epworth rectory of his parents. But he was indifferent to creature comforts. He had a passion for knowledge. That knowledge generated a passion for the souls of men. His concern for their souls created in him a consuming determination to rid society of the conditions which caused a debasement in which the spiritual could not flourish.

Wesley had determined on the ministry. That his would be a ministry characterized by zeal for a social gospel was inevitable even though the church of his day was but little concerned with men's souls, let alone with their temporal abode.

WESLEY, following several years of Oxford residence, was ordained as a priest of the established Church of England. His scholarship won early recognition. He was awarded a fellowship at Oxford's Lincoln College. For 15 years, Wesley, who had entered Oxford at 17, was student, teacher, and sometimes itinerant minister in the surrounding countryside. For two years he assisted his father at Epworth. Then he returned in 1729 to Oxford where his brother Charles, then a student, had gotten together a study club, which, in the cynicism of the times, was ridiculed as the Holy Club.

John, upon his return, joined the Holy Club. He was quickly the leader of the group. He taught its members his methodical way of life, methodical habits of study, work, and worship. The little band of Holy Club members followed his instructions so assiduously that, in derision, fellow students termed them "Methodists," a name now borne proudly by millions. Thus, at its inception, Methodism was a way of life, a movement within the established Church of England created by a band of dedicated young men convinced that life had purpose and meaning, the spiritual essence of which was to be achieved in both man's relation to God and man's relation to man.

Those among us who would confine Methodist clergymen to their pulpits on Sundays and limit them to pastoral calls on weekdays, those who would restrict their utterances to abstract theological themes, would have been uncomfortable in the presence of John Wesley. For religion, as he conceived it, was not only a seven-day-a-week affair concerned with the hereafter but was also a seven-day-a-week affair concerned with the present.

This distinction should be made: John Wesley was not a rebel, John Wesley was a reformer. He did not seek to overthrow established institutions, he sought to redeem them. He accepted the established Church of England, of which he was a priest. He accepted the monarchial and the economic systems of England; in fact, he opposed the American Revolution. But his acceptance of established institutions did not mean he accepted the abuses and distortions which, in course of time, permeate most establishments. In this respect, he was not unlike Erasmus who, several centuries earlier, sought to redeem the Roman Catholic Church from within.

Unfortunately, those who control established institutions too frequently regard reformers as rebels; too frequently consider those who seek but to redeem as subversive. Institutions which become callous to reformers achieve a rigidity which breeds rebels. That is one of history's oldest, most disregarded teachings.

The American colonies contributed to John Wesley's early education. In 1735 he, accompanied by brother Charles, went to Georgia. His stern preachings against frivolity, added to his denunciations of the uncouth ways and unrestrained indulgences of the frontiersmen, created dissension in his parish. Wesley, his overseas venture a failure, returned to England. But he had profited. Thereafter he was intolerant of sin but had compassion for sinners.

Wesley had encountered a band of Moravians, a devout religious group, on his voyage. Their simple ways and intense religious conviction intrigued him. He made a trip to Germany, their homeland, to study their ways and inspiration. Returning to England, he resumed the organization of Methodist Societies on the Oxford plan. Then came his great decision to engage, as some of his associates were already doing, in outdoor preaching. This was a practice he embraced reluctantly. It shattered virtually every concept of propriety held by Church of England

MR. *Wesley* AND THE *Tax Collector*

IN 1776 the British government, harassed by war debts, was hard up —and tax collectors were prodded to overlook no source of revenue. Pressures applied in the American Colonies led, among other things, to the famed Boston Tea Party. At about the same time, back in London, authorities were eyeing John Wesley, a successful author. He had not declared silver utensils as required. To him came this letter from the accountant general:

"Reverend Sir: As the commissioners can not doubt but you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry, they have directed me to send you the above copy of the lords' order, and to inform you they expect that you forthwith make due entry of all your plate, such entry to bear the date from the commencement of the plate duty, or from such time as you have owned, used, had, or kept any quantity of silver plate, chargeable by the act of Parliament; as in default hereof, the board will be obliged to signify your refusal to their lordships. N.B. An immediate answer is desired."

Wesley replied:

"Sir: I have two silver tea-spoons in London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, sir, your most humble servant, John Wesley."

This may have been a revelation to the accountant general who, no doubt, was familiar with the splendors in some rectories.

The truth is that Wesley's books could have made him a rich man. Various biographers estimate that income from this source alone was between 30,000 and 40,000 pounds ($150,000 or more). But never did he spend upon his personal needs more than 30 pounds a year. He gave away the rest.

When the founder of Methodism died, he had fulfilled a vow he made years before: "If I leave behind me 10 pounds above my debts and my books, or what may happen to be due on account of them—you and all mankind bear witness against me that I lived and died a thief and a robber."—HERMAN B. TEETER

clergymen, many of whom thought God was to be found only in cathedrals and parish churches.

William Blackstone, great legal scholar of the day, observed that he had not heard a single message from a London pulpit with any more Christianity than the orations of Cicero. He maintained it was impossible for him to determine whether the various ministers were followers of Mohammed, Confucius, or Christ. The consensus of those who wrote at the time—such men as Dr. Johnson, Voltaire, Bishop Horsley, and Blackstone—was that few preachers of the day were more than mere "retailers of platitudes," as one of them aptly put it.

The great unwashed, as well as most of the washed, did not attend church. So Wesley took the church or, more precisely, the message seldom heard in the church of that day to them. Many of the ministers of the established church, shocked at his outdoor preaching, protested. But Wesley and his colleagues continued even though mobs were on occasions turned upon them.

Once, when asked where was his church, Wesley replied: "I look upon all the world as my parish."

Wesley rode horseback throughout England, Scotland, and Wales. And he ventured as far afield as Ireland. So, too, did his colleagues, the preachers called Methodists. Everywhere they went, they organized Methodist Societies, preached to miners, factory workers, farmers, and motley crowds.

Their mission, as stated by Wesley, was "to reform the nation, more particularly the church; to spread scriptural holiness over the land."

Wesley describes in his meticuously kept *Journal* 60 mobs he and others confronted as they carried the Gospel message throughout the land.

"Always look a mob in the face." So Wesley counseled his fellow workers even though he was once "struck down three times"—dragged, cursed, reviled, shoved, and hit.

Five thousand miles a year for 50 years, this once sickly man rode horseback, neither winter's storms, nor summer's heat, nor mobs dissuading him from his appointed task. And as he rode, he read or edited manuscripts. His every waking moment (he seldom slept more than six hours a night) was productive.

Wesley lived his life by a code expressed, in part, in this bit of advice he gave his fellow workers:

"Be diligent. Never be unemployed. Never be triflingly employed. Never trifle away time; neither spend any more time at any one place than is strictly necessary. Be punctual. Do not mend our rules but keep them; not for warmth but for conscience' sake."

Wesley was a prolific writer, a translator and an editor, accounting for more than 400 books and pamphlets. He worked in odd moments. "It must have been a remarkable sight," says Thomas Walter Hebert, "however familiar it became on the highways of England: a small man in scrupulously neat clerical dress, jogging somewhat awkwardly along the road, reins hanging loose on the horse's neck, book in one hand and pencil busy in the other . . ."

John Wesley's
RULE OF LIVING

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

As Wesley's societies grew in number and in membership, he increasingly employed the printed word to maintain contact with the "people called Methodists." Says the *Cambridge History of English Literature:*

"It need only be said that he [Wesley] was with the pen, as with the tongue, a master of direct English and simple strength."

This mastery of direct English and simple strength was employed in his countless discourses and in his voluminous writings; it was employed unstintingly as he labored to win men's souls and to end the evils of the day. For Wesley, as was said of another, "took the ancient passion for the souls of men and set it down in the stream of modern life."

This admirable quality does him an injustice, however, if one reads only his sermons. To know Wesley, one should skim through his letters. Here the person shows through. He could be stern with reprimand, but also warm and cheery. Many women were among his correspondents.

Wesley was a man to know. One biographer says his "natural temper" was "gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humor." He had charm of manner of which listening was a component. People found it easy to confide in him. And when he talked, they listened eagerly. The literary lion of the day was Dr. Johnson who once remarked to Boswell, his biographer, "I hate to meet John Wesley. The dog enchants you with his conversation and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman."

Helping an old woman was more important than basking in the glow of Dr. Johnson's approval. Human values were a part of this man's religion. His religion has been likened to two oars—one faith, the other good works.

The movement which began in the Holy Club at Oxford was a prime factor in making the slave trade illegal, in bringing about a more humane recodification of England's brutal criminal laws, in reforming its penal system and in making the lot of women and children, pitiful victims of the industrial revolution, easier. Wesley, when he began his mission, was confronted by a rum-soaked, religiously indifferent, cynical people; a complacent church which had lost contact with those it was supposed to serve; an economic system which brutalized those it employed and a government, corrupt and inefficient, which existed only to attend the status quo.

Wesley always considered his Methodist Societies as a part of the Church of England. And so they remained in England until after his death. Then, the powerful forces he had generated broke them away. For Methodists and the social gospel they proclaimed needed greater freedom of action than is usually found in any facet of the establishment.

John Wesley, born soon after the advent of the 18th century, died near its close—March 2, 1791.

His career was truly "the most important religious and social movement" of the 18th century.

For Further Reading: TOGETHER *has carried numerous articles and pictorials about John Wesley and the Wesley family. For a list, see the box at the bottom of page 32 of the February issue.*—EDITORS.

The Way of the Warmed Heart

Aldersgate Year, 1963, commemorates an event of supreme importance in the life of Methodism's founder.

Copyright, 1951, by Pierce and Smith.

WHEN HER son John was five, Susanna Wesley called him to her knee (where he learned the alphabet in one day) and began his formal education. Later, he would travel far, preach often, pray unceasingly, and master many things. But he would be tormented by a feeling that his religion of ritual and cant lacked a vital spark. That spark finally would touch his heart and transform him in a wondrous way at a meeting of a little society—including Moravians—on Aldersgate Street in London, on the evening of May 24, 1738.

From that night on, Wesley moved in new directions. Doubts and fears gave way to faith and confidence. He began the 50-year leadership of a great moral and social reform, a spiritual awakening, that the British Isles could not contain. The spirit of Aldersgate moved out of English societies and spread to the American colonies, where in 1784 it became embodied in the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church. It would march with the vanguard of pioneers on New World frontiers, leaving churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages—and Christian servants—in its wake. Because of Aldersgate, the sun now shines every hour of the day on a Methodist church somewhere in the world.

On these 12 pages, contemporary artists help trace the way of the warmed heart from Epworth to Aldersgate—and beyond. We invite your attention to this remarkable series of paintings—each, we feel, a monumental contribution to our American heritage.—YOUR EDITORS.

To his ministry, Wesley brought traits of character and scholarship fostered at his mother's knee. Painting by Lynd Ward.

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The First Methodists

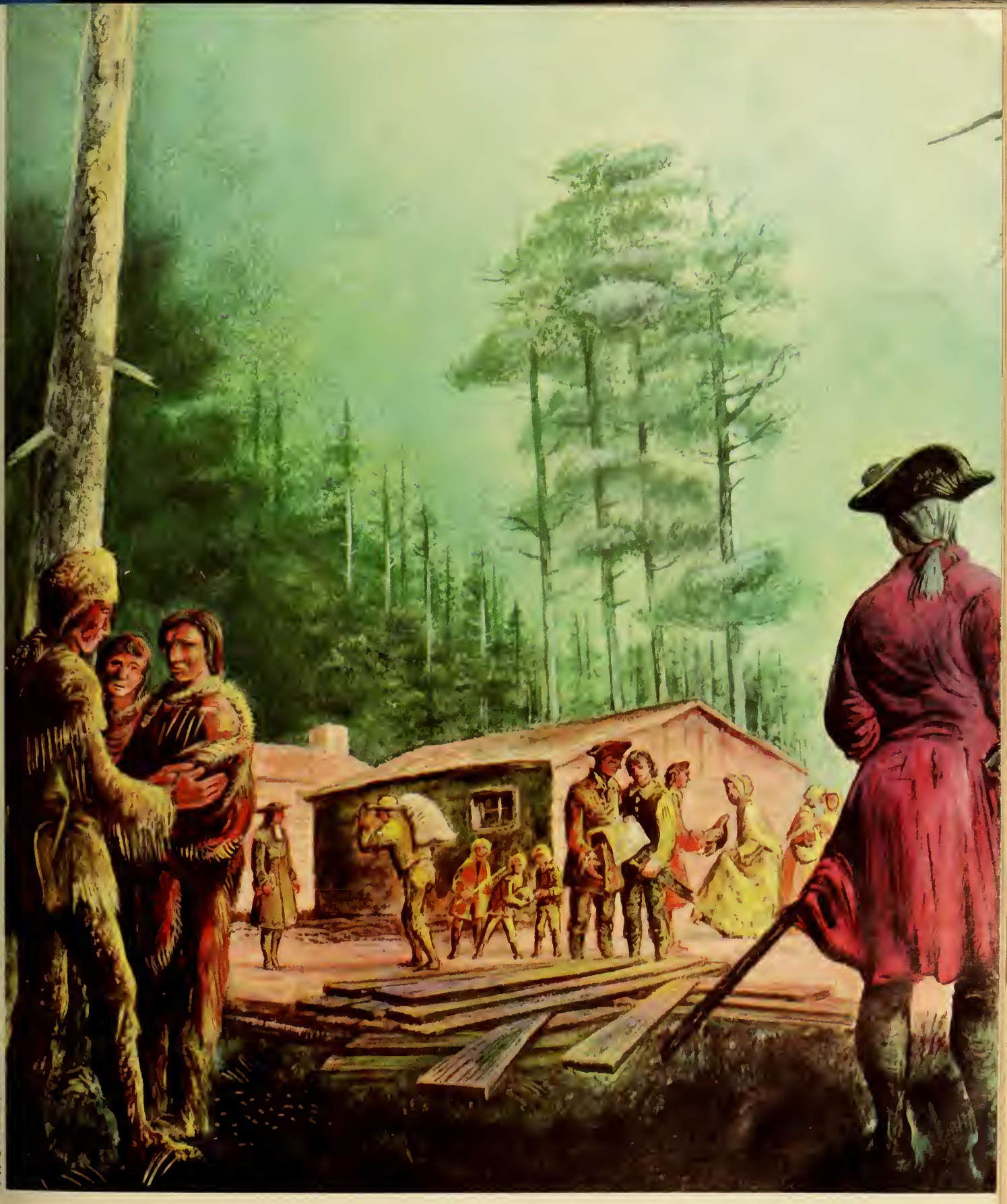
AT OXFORD University, the young Wesley was determined to find salvation through what he hoped would be a life without sin. He was one of a serious-minded group of students derisively known as "The Holy Club," "Bible Moths"—and "Methodists," the latter name be-

The Holy Club: He seeks salvation in 'good works' and academic exercises. A new TOGETHER *painting by Jack White.*

cause members allotted regular hours for such activities as prayers, fasting, Bible reading, and "good works." Through visits to jails, contributions to charity, and aid to neglected children, John hoped to gain experience for the ministry, obtain that still elusive state of perfection, and save his own soul. He was frank in analyzing his frustrations with an existence that was in many ways highly commendable. He declared: "I alarmed no consciences; I influenced no lives; I preached much but saw no fruit of my labor." So he "dragged on heavily" until...

. . . he decided to become a missionary to the Indians with Gen. James Oglethorpe in Georgia. Aboard ship with his verse-writing brother, Charles, during a storm at sea, the old doubts assailed him anew. He was terrified, and longed for the peace of mind and heart demonstrated by a group of Moravian migrants from Germany who calmly sang hymns during the tempest. What did these simple, devout people have that was denied him?

Copyright, 1957, by Lovick Pierce.



Wesley among the Indians in Georgia. Painting by Lynd Ward.

"I WENT to America to convert Indians," Wesley wrote. "But, oh, who shall convert me! Who, what is he that will deliver me . . ." The Indians, he had presumed, were innocent children of nature eagerly waiting for him to transform them into Christians. He was wrong, for he made no headway with the Indians during two years in Georgia. Nor did he change. He remained the Anglican priest. The rough-and-ready colonists could not identify with the High Church ritualist who refused Communion and Christian burial to those not correctly baptized.

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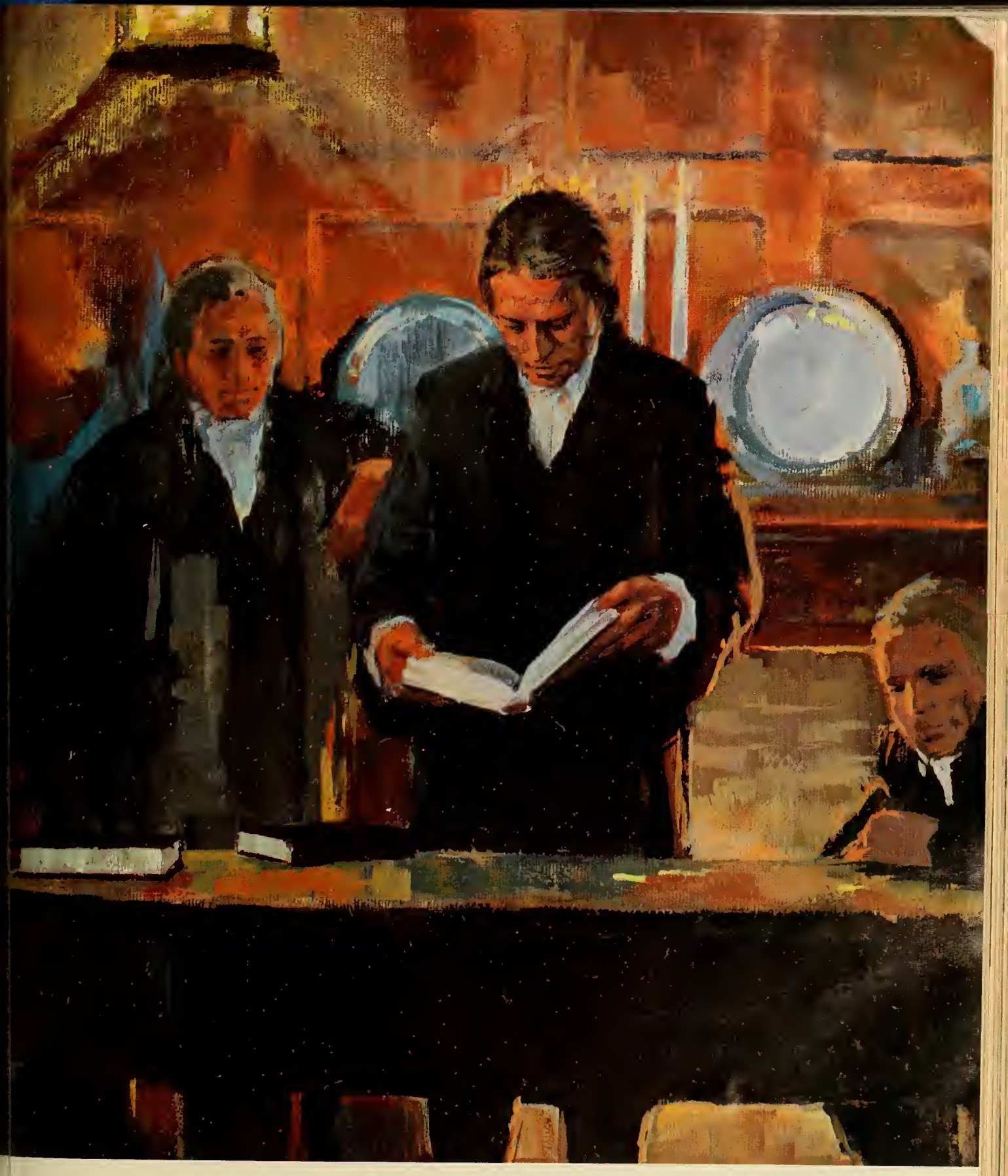
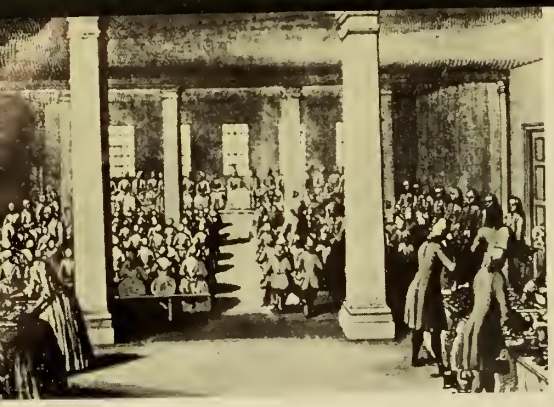
The Man at Aldersgate

IT IS NOW 8:45 p.m. on May 24, 1738. Everything centers on this moment of time when a lay preacher reads from Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. One minute, John Wesley was the seeker who had not found; the next, his heart was "strangely warmed," and



John Wesley's experience—Aldersgate—a monumental new TOGETHER *painting by Jack White.*

all the resources of his great mind and tireless body came to focus through the prism of a vital religious faith. "I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine,* and saved *me* from the law of sin and death." No longer was John Wesley the High Church ritualist. He had a faith and a message he was compelled to share with others. If it were unorthodox, and churches were denied him—very well, he would take it into the streets and fields, and none could stop his preaching.



Moravian meetings featured singing, reading from Scripture, and lay speaking, with women and men seated separately.

METHODISM owes much to the Moravians, a Protestant sect that traces its origin back to 1415 and the martyred John Huss. A week after he returned in frustration and failure from Georgia, a young Moravian named Peter Boehler told him of salvation by faith *alone*. This may have planted the seeds of Wesley's transformation at Aldersgate. Wesley then went to Saxony for talks with Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian leader (below).

Is this the man who once wrote: "I have a fair summer religion. But let death look me in the face and my spirit is troubled". After Aldersgate, John Wesley's unflinching courage and calm dignity saw him through 60 riots like that at right. A new TOGETHER *painting by Charles Hargens.*

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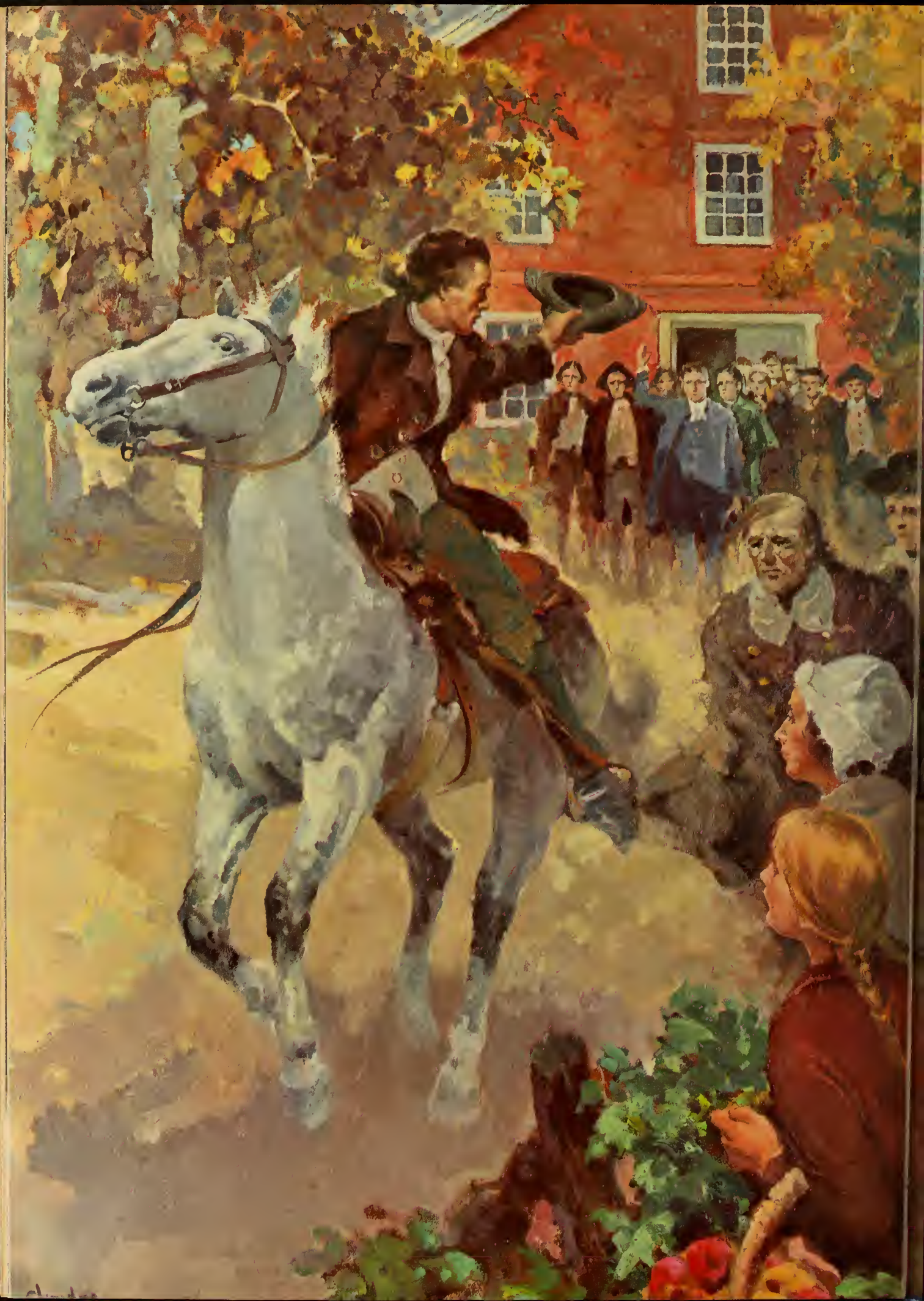

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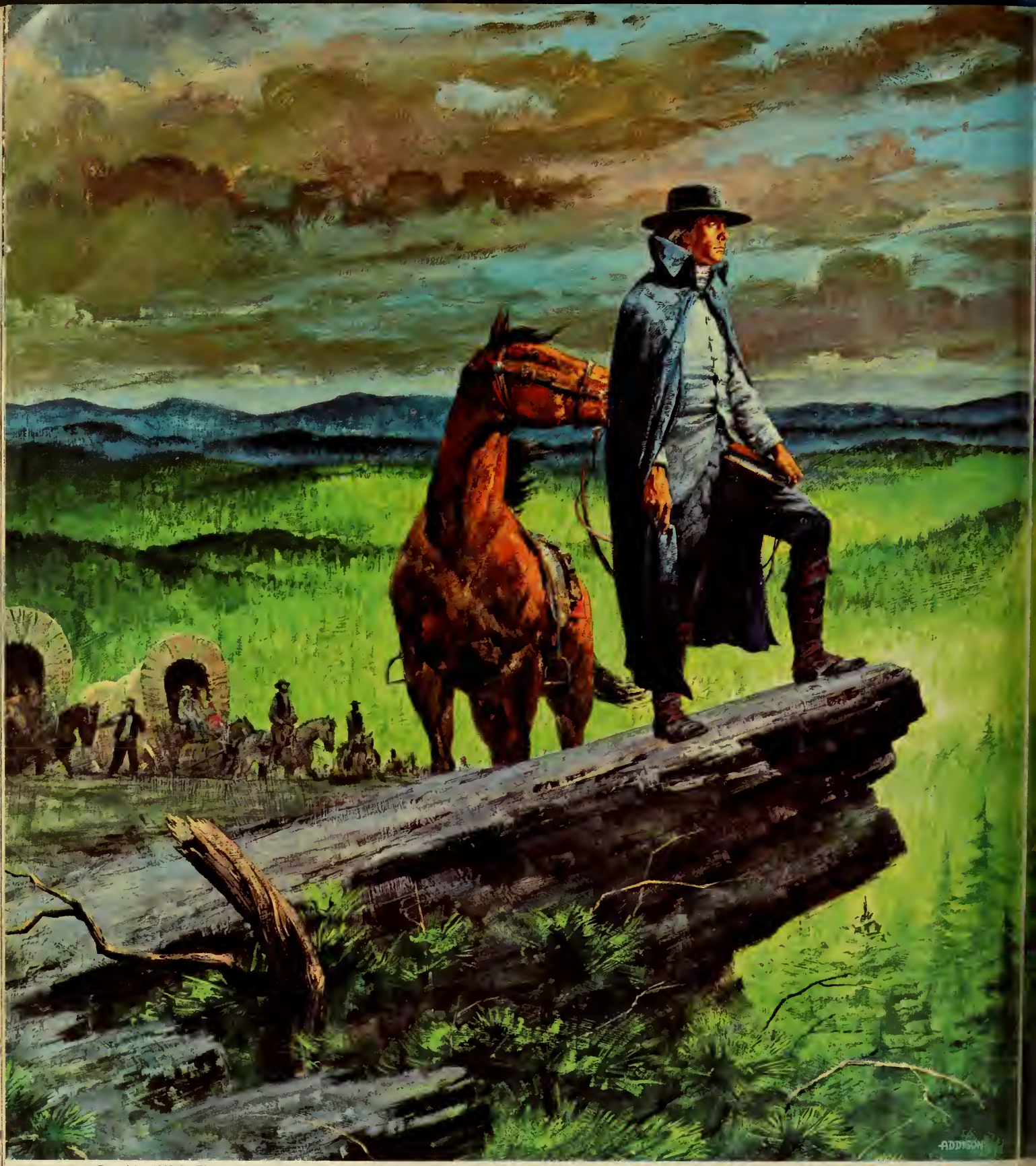
The consecration of Bishop Francis Asbury, father of the American church, at the historic Christmas Conference of 1784.

He sped like an arrow: Freeborn Garrettson leaps into the saddle and rides to round up preachers for the Christmas Conference. A new TOGETHER *painting by Charles Hargens.*

WHETHER John Wesley desired it or not, the Methodist societies in the new American nation wanted independence and were determined to organize for spiritual conquest. The Methodist Episcopal Church was born on Christmas Eve, 1784, at Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore. Present to represent 15,000 members of Methodist societies were some 60 of the 81 preachers from Virginia to New Jersey. Their leader for 30 years would be Bishop Francis Asbury, that prophet of the long road, who almost single-handedly established the church we know today.



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"To reform the continent and spread scriptural holiness over these lands." Asbury pauses at Cumberland Gap. A new TOGETHER *painting by Robert Addison.*

BISHOP Asbury traveled 265,000 miles, mostly in wilderness, outriding Wesley himself. He saw Methodism grow from six preachers and 600 members to 700 preachers and 200,000 members. He crossed the Alleghenies more than 60 times, and fanned the flame of Aldersgate in dark places beyond civilization. With him rode the legendary Methodist circuit riders, a special breed of men whose simple requirements included "a back for any bed, a stomach for any food, a face for any weather" —and, like Wesley, faith for any work of the Lord.

FRANCIS ASBURY: A Methodist St. Francis

By NOLAN B. HARMON
Bishop, Charlotte Area
The Methodist Church

NO. 8 *in a series on*
OUR METHODIST HERITAGE

FRANCIS Asbury laid his mind upon American Methodism and established its distinctive polity to a degree greater than anyone else—hardly excepting John Wesley himself.

Wesley, of course, was the founder of Methodism, and fixed its doctrinal forms, its basic polity, and its efficient, systematized method of spreading scriptural holiness over the land. "Christianity in earnest," someone has called it. And, of course, the whole Wesleyan pattern of activity and zeal, with the emphasis on experience, coupled with an itinerant ministry, was transmitted to American Methodists by Wesley himself.

But on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, especially after the American Revolution had severed all connection with the Church of England, the fast-developing Methodist Episcopal Church, indigenous to the American scene and part and parcel of American life, was influenced and shaped for all time chiefly by one man—and that man was Francis Asbury.

The relationship between Asbury and John Wesley is itself something of a puzzle. Each was in the prophetic tradition; each was ascetic and indefatigable; each was thoroughly committed and thoroughly determined. Wesley sent Asbury over to America when the latter was a 25-year-old minister who had volunteered for the "America circuit." Asbury landed in Philadelphia on October 27, 1771, and never went back to his native shores. He climbed rapidly in the esteem of his brethren, and John Wesley himself, during the war, named him officially as his "general assistant."

When American Methodism was set apart by John Wesley in 1784, Thomas Coke was sent to ordain Asbury as superintendent.[1] Then Asbury did something which was not in the calculations of either Wesley or Dr. Coke: he said he would not accept this office unless he should be elected by his American brethren. The Christmas Conference in Baltimore was called forthwith; Asbury was elected and duly consecrated; but his relying upon the vote of a conference of preachers rather than upon Wesley's appointment was the inception of the powerful General Conference which today manages all things for The Methodist Church.[2]

Wesley and Asbury did not always agree, and were different in many ways. The founder of Methodism never would have been at home in the American locale, and even if he had experienced Aldersgate before he went to Savannah, I doubt if it would have made a great deal of difference in the way he felt about matters over here. Asbury, from the first, made our country his home. He was sensitive to a far greater degree than John Wesley ever could have been to the tides and currents in the fast-growing American nation—also among the preachers of the American church.

Asbury saw that the American church could not be made a replica of the Church of England, or of any English body. It had to be a distinct entity, in conformity with the mind of the people on these shores.

Reading today the communications between the two men, one is thankful that these were by slow sailing ships with no telephonic or telegraphic communication. John Wesley might have spoiled things for American Methodism had his English Toryism, his adamantine logic, and unyielding severity been pressed too hard upon the newly formed Methodist Episcopal Church in the newly formed nation.

Asbury knew what to do and, more important, exactly

[1] *How this brought a break between John Wesley and the Church of England (Episcopal) is told in* John Wesley Completes a Decision, *February, page 26.*—EDS.

[2] *For a full account of the Christmas Conference of 1784, at which the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, see the special issue of November, 1959, which commemorated the 175th anniversary of the event.*—EDS.

when to do it. He was a genius at timing his moves.

The grand design and overall policy that motivated Francis Asbury throughout his entire career as the first Methodist bishop was the firm establishment of Methodist itinerancy. That statement sounds trite today, but those few words outline what was then a gigantic task. Modern Methodists do not realize that our fundamental plan of moving preachers from place to place at frequent intervals, and of assigning to churches their ministers, with no refusal from either preachers or churches, was something entirely new then in Protestantism.

Wesley started stationing his preachers and so began the itinerant system. But his societies in England were few in number and his preachers were laymen of the English church, most of whom earned their living in some secular occupation day after day, preaching on Sunday where Wesley appointed them. The Methodist Societies to whom they preached would never consider themselves a church, nor did they call their meeting place any other than a "chapel" or a "hall." The Church of England was *the* church.

BUT IN America, an entirely new situation faced the people of the Methodist Episcopal Church established in 1784. For, church it was—a rapidly growing ecclesiasticism—one of the first to be organized in the newly freed colonies. Its people, both ministers and congregations, were imbued with the idea of independence which they had won from the British crown.

It was in this atmosphere of unbounded liberty that the fast-growing Methodist Episcopal Church took shape, with one man, the bishop, able to tell his ministerial brethren where they should live and to whom they should preach; and to tell Methodist people in every congregation whom they should have as their pastor. It is no wonder that instantly there was a reaction and a tension which has not altogether diminished, though time has proved Methodist itinerancy's value.

What Asbury also saw—and this is the key to his whole policy—was that it would take a strong episcopacy to make itinerancy work. This is why he repeatedly asserted that the "right of nomination to the pulpits lay in the General Conference—and *in such as the General Conference shall from time to time appoint.*"[3] The General Conference, as Asbury constantly reminded the church, had forthwith lodged the power of stationing the preachers in the *episcopacy*. He defended their so doing by saying: "We must insist upon it that the general itinerancy would not probably exist for any length of time on this extensive continent if the bishops were not invested with the power which they now possess."

He said also: "Our grand plan in all its parts leads to an itinerant ministry. Our bishops are traveling bishops . . . everything is kept moving as far as possible; and we will be bold to say that next to the grace of God, there is nothing like this for keeping the whole body alive from the center to the circumference, and for the continual extension of that circumference on every hand."

Asbury, by his own personal influence, by the suffrage of his brethren who had elected him bishop, and by the firm but fair way he exercised this office, was enabled through a long life and in spite of many difficulties to set a pattern for episcopacy and establish an itinerant system which has meant almost everything to subsequent Methodism. There was revolt and there were secessions from the Methodist body, and with respect to the time limit (or number of years that a bishop could keep a man at any one place), Asbury had to give way.

But the strong episcopacy and pattern of itinerancy which he managed to establish by 1808 was firmly fixed that year as constitutional for the church, and has so remained to the present time. To be sure, episcopacy has been modified as new occasions taught new duties; but to this very day "the plan of our itinerant general superintendency," written into the Constitution of The Methodist Church, stems directly from Francis Asbury.

It is noteworthy that Asbury did his work on a salary of $64 a year. He once called attention to the fact that "all the episcopal churches in the world are conscious of the dignity of the episcopal office. The greatest part of them endeavor to preserve this dignity by large salaries, splendid dresses, and . . . pomp and splendor."

"But if an episcopacy," he added significantly, "has neither the dignity, which arises from these worldly trappings, nor that infinitely superior dignity which is the attendant of labor, of suffering and enduring hardship for the cause of Christ, of a venerable old age, the concluding scene of a life devoted to the service of God, it instantly becomes the disgrace of a church and the just ridicule of the world."

Bishop William M. Wightman[4] observed that Asbury manifested "the rarest combination of qualities—sagacity, firmness, gentleness, impartiality, the authority not of high-sounding titles but that one from labors more abundant, from a sacrifice of ease, comfort and the pleasures of domestic life, from a disinterestedness so scrupulous and lofty that the tongue of detraction could not move against it, and a zeal so sustained that no fool could question it. Upon no lower conditions could the 'captain of the Lord's hosts' in that early day of difficulty, when the new system was grounding itself and going through its experimental epoch, have maintained his government."

WIGHTMAN asserts Asbury crossed the Alleghenies 60 times, penetrating among the "endless mountains," as he called them. Nathan Bangs[5] said that during the 45 years of Asbury's ministry in this country, he preached not less than 16,425 sermons, besides lectures and exhortations; traveled during the same time 270,000 miles—more than John Wesley—for the most part "on the worst roads and on horseback"; sat in not less than 224 annual conferences; and ordained more than 4,000 ministers. Bangs continued:

"He found less than 600 Methodists in the country when he began to preach here; at his death he left a flourishing church in all parts of the land with more than 200,000 communicants, and served upward of 700

[3] Notes of Bishops Coke and Asbury, *published with the 1792 and 1796* Disciplines.—Eds.

[4] *Bishop of the South Carolina Area, 1866-1882.*

[5] *Pastor of John Street Methodist Church in New York City in 1810, publisher of the* Christian Advocate *in 1826, an editor of the* Discipline *(1816), author of* A History of The Methodist Episcopal Church.—Eds.

Asbury-*The Very Human Being*

He could shell peas, too!

MORE OFTEN than not, the keeper of *The Journal* was wet or cold, feverish or tormented by pain. Almost invariably he was exhausted after a long day of riding and preaching. It is understandable that the casual reader of *The Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury* (Abingdon, 3 volumes, $21) might be persuaded to believe that the father of Methodism in America was a dry, matter-of-fact stone face. But a careful reading between the lines reveals him as a warm, appreciative, sometimes poetic leader.

A man without a home, he was at home everywhere—a welcome visitor in backwoods hut or plantation mansion. Frequent illness, brought on by exposure and hardship, sometimes found him confined for weeks at a time in the home of a friend.

"We look in during the weeks of enforced rest, and find him writing letters . . . planning the work and bringing up his journal," writes Holland N. McTyeire, Methodist historian, and "as one of the family, he enters into domestic life by shelling peas with the good housewife, winding cotton, and teaching the children their lessons."

Asbury's love of children, and his interest in their education, is an indication of the warm human behind the sometimes grim facade of the frontier bishop. Not only did he delight them with stories of his adventures (many were hair-raising), but he spent much time "in hearing the children read and instructing them in the English grammar."

Asbury does not say so, but he must have been a venerated man long before his death in 1816. His slender purse was open to all in need. "I bless God I have seen so much of the rough and smooth. . . . I know how to be abased and how to abound."

Enduring constant hardship and driving himself relentlessly, Asbury still was capable of occasional poetic outbursts. In South Carolina, he wrote of "twining jessamine flinging its odours far and wide around," and in New York: "How sweet to me are . . . the hills and vales, the dewy meads, the gliding streams and murmuring brooks."

His was the task of establishing Methodism on the harsh and perilous frontiers of America. The man who could do that, almost single-handedly, had to be a *very* human being!

—HERMAN B. TEETER

traveling preachers and a great number of local preachers."

Two significant statements made by Bishop Asbury about himself have always impressed me. One came when he was defending himself and his own status as a bishop. We have indicated that there was a revolt against the idea of one man having the power which Asbury had, and the "episcopal controversy," as it was called, raged in his early years. In reviewing his qualifications as a bishop, Asbury offered what to me seems the ultimate argument: that in addition to having been appointed by Mr. Wesley, elected by his brethren, consecrated as superintendent, there was this: *"the marks of an apostle have been seen in me."* True—and unanswerable!

Another statement which I like to recall had to do with his evaluation of his own life in later years. In his *Journal*, when enumerating his travels, his hardships, his difficulties, and the purpose that drove him on, he writes: "I have done it for souls; had I done it for silver, there is not enough in the New World to pay me."

The writer of this article was present at the unveiling of the Francis Asbury equestrian statue in Washington, D.C., October 15, 1924.[6] The Methodists, north and south, and the Methodist Protestants—as we three churches then were—raised funds to put our pioneer bishop upon a pedestal north of 16th Street and Columbia Road, N.W., in the capital, and sought permission to do so. But the Fine Arts Commission of the District of Columbia objected to having another equestrian statue. "We don't want another 'man on horseback,'" it said. "We have too many of these now."

It was explained that this particular man on horseback was not a military conqueror but an apostle of the Lord; that the steed he rode was not a war horse, but (as the sculptor planned) the somewhat tired horse of a tired circuit rider at the end of a long day. So eventually, the horse and rider were unveiled.

One speaker at the unveiling of the statue—I think Bishop Hamilton—said Asbury "gave hard marching orders, but he always went wherever he told another man to go, and never asked another to do anything he had not done himself."

The years have gone by since Francis Asbury lived, but our church now feels and shall always feel the impulse of his strong, directive mind and the unselfishness of a great ecclesiastical statesman.

"At the session of the Western Conference in 1806," Asbury wrote, "some of the preachers were in want and could not purchase decent clothes. So I parted with my watch, my coat, and my shirt."[7]

One of his friends in 1800 asked him for a loan or to give him 50 pounds. "He might as well have asked me for Peru," said the bishop. "I showed him all the money I had in the world, about 12 dollars, and gave him 5."

They had to lift the old bishop from his carriage at the door of the church in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, where, as it turned out, he was to preach his last sermon. They seated him at a small table in the pulpit, and he took his text: "He will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness." Then the childless, homeless prophet of the long road, the somewhat severe and lonely old bishop, delivered his valedictory message and finished his work in the righteousness of God.

Methodism, too, can claim a Saint Francis.

[6] *See* Album of Methodist Americana, TOGETHER, *July, 1961, page 37.* —EDS.

[7] The Heart of Asbury's Journal, *edited by Ezra Tipple (Eaton and Mains, New York, 1904), page 579. Entry for Sept. 20, 1806.*—EDS.

"May the good Lord be with you," says the Rev. Don Hart, friend and counselor to drag fans and racers alike. He's with Arlen Vanhe, a driver from Ashland.

Ohio Takes a Cue From the Circuit Rider

DURING time trials that afternoon, some cars roared down the drag strip at speeds approaching 150 miles an hour. Then, at intermission, the huge crowd near West Salem, Ohio, heard this announcement:

"What follows is another first for Dragway 42 . . . as a new venture, we present the Rev. Don Hart!"

Thousands listened in respectful silence as Mr. Hart, a drag-racing fan himself, spoke briefly of "a race in life to be run and won." His appearance, successfully repeated many times, was only one example of new approaches to evangelism by Ohio Methodists in such unexpected places as parks, drive-in theaters, factories, shopping centers, county fairs, and television studios.

The statewide program, started in 1961 by Bishop Hazen G. Werner, covers ground the circuit riders, spurred on by John Wesley's spirit [see page 32], walked and rode across more than a century ago. And, Ohio's unconventional evangelists will tell you, taking the

Bishop Hazen G. Werner conducts a service at a Xenia drive-in theater. An enthusiastic participant in the Unconventional Evangelism Program he introduced two years ago, he urges Ohio ministers to "preach to people where they are and how they are."

For hundreds in the grandstand at the Muskingum County Fair, the din of carnival music and the spiel of hawkers seem far away—temporarily, at least—as they join a Methodist choir in singing the beloved hymns known to all Christians. This "Sing Unto the Lord" choir was started by the Rev. John Zinsmeister.

On a bright Sunday evening, members of Third Avenue Methodist Church, Columbus, move out-of-doors for a hymn-sing on a grassy stretch of lawn near the street.

Gospel *outside* the church is bringing people *into* the church, just as it did when Methodism was young.

Today's motorized, industrialized Ohio is a far cry from Aldersgate Street and the lone circuit rider. But though time has changed the calendar, the effectiveness of personal, outreaching evangelism is unchanged.

"We call it 'unconventional evangelism,'" a district superintendent remarked. "But this really isn't unconventional for Methodists. It is, or ought to be, typical."

This summer, with two successful seasons behind them, Ohio Methodists again will go to people "where they are"—mingling, for example, with thousands of weekend visitors to Ohio's many beautiful state parks. (When the state frowned on religious services in the parks, Methodists secured adjoining land and built open-air chapels with log benches and limestone altars.) Already, Ohio's unconventional evangelists are being asked to share their know-how with others.

An artist and a lay preacher jointly present a "chalk-talk sermon" at a Goodwill mission in Canton.

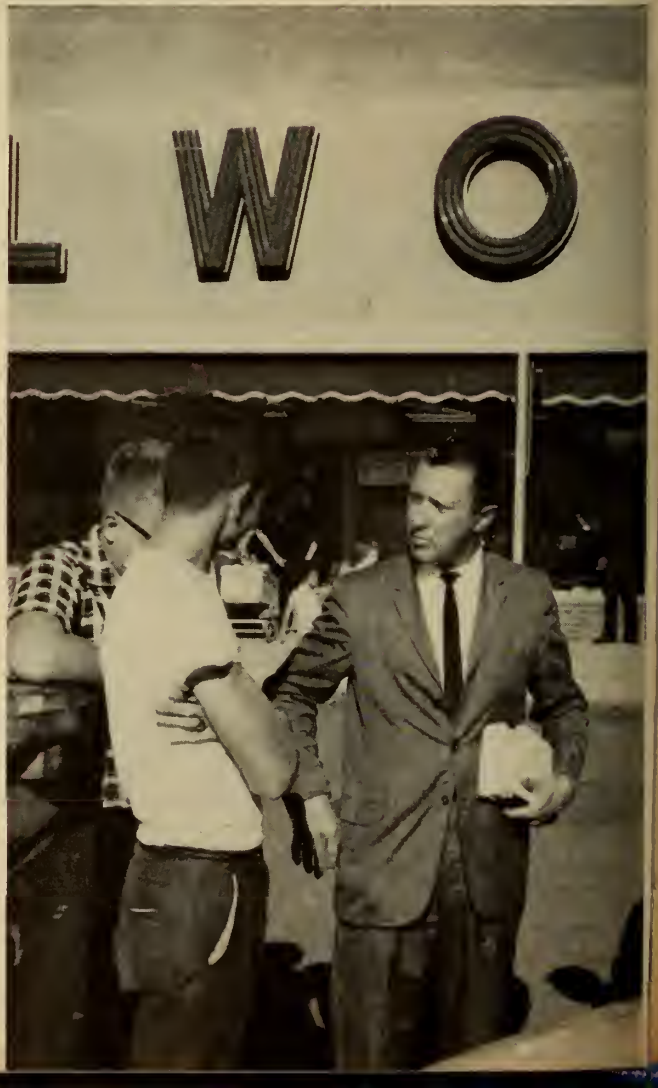
Ohio Takes a Cue (*continued*)

"FORGET your conventional terms and talk straight out to people. Remember, many have forgotten the name of the church they stay way from."

Bishop Werner's advice to the unconventional evangelists points up perhaps the greatest challenge offered by the Ohio program—that faced by the minister himself. Out-of-doors, and among strangers, he is without the familiar support of altar and church surroundings. He is no longer speaking to Methodists alone. Among his listeners are Jews, Catholics, other Protestants, and a great many who have no church at all.

The approach in Ohio, where an estimated 3 million have no church connection, is simple and direct. "I try to tell them what Christ means to me," one minister said. Another stresses beliefs common to all faiths: "We are God's children, and he loves us. For every individual there is a responsibility to create and live a meaningful life."

That's how Methodists are evangelizing in Ohio—in the traditional way but unconventional!



The Rev. Thomas Cantor of Avon Lake stations himself strategically at a shopping center, identifies himself politely as "pastor of The Methodist Church," and talks quietly with the churched and unchurched alike. Here he asks two teen-agers to join him in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Monday morning at the Cobey plant, Bucyrus: Workers are permitted the first 20 minutes of the work week to hear the Rev. Norman Prichard, who takes Methodism's program of unconventional evangelism to men on the job.

World Wide Communion Sunday services, televised by the Rev. Walter Eyster, reach thousands of shut-ins near Columbus.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. ©, 1963, by Warner Press, Inc.

"What am I supposed to do, eat it or climb it?"

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

THINKING of marriage? Give it long thoughts. If you marry the right person at the right time, you'll enjoy a good life. If you marry the wrong person, or marry at the wrong time, you'll be sorry forever. Don't throw yourself away.

Are you really in love? Or could this be another crush? You've lived through crushes before. They do not last. If you marry now and discover later your feeling was only temporary, you'll be in a sad fix. Waiting will enable you to distinguish between love and a crush. Waiting is hard, but an unhappy marriage is infinitely worse.

Are you old enough? Is the one you love old enough? Some persons are more mature and ready for marriage at 18 than others are at 25. The record shows that teen-age marriages are extremely risky. For a few weeks, young married couples live on Cloud Nine. Then many of them discover they were not really ready.

Some of them have babies, and regret it. Some shirk their new responsibilities, and become rebellious. All miss their old crowds, and the fun they had before marriage. Eventually love may turn to hatred. Misery and then divorce often follow.

Can you do hard, unpleasant work day after day, without complaining? Can you plan a budget and live within it? Can you stand to be poor? Can you live away from your school friends? Your parents? If you are a boy, can you earn a decent living? If you are a girl, can you keep house cheerfully, week after week?

Do your parents approve of your plan? Remember, they love you. They want only the best for you. I do not suggest that your parents should dictate your life for you, but if you are under age, they have legal control. Regardless of your age, you should consider your parents' advice in making your decision. Good luck to you!

Q *You've printed letters from girls who wish they hadn't married in their teens. Well, here's one from a boy. I'm 18, my wife is 16. We've been married a year. Instead of adventure and happiness, we've just had misery. We both quit school. I got a job. All she does is loll around her parents' house waiting for her girl friends to get home. I'd give anything if I'd waited to graduate and then married someone who was old enough to be a real wife!—G.C.*

A I'm sorry. Your experience is typical of teen-age marriages. Could you talk your problem over with your wife's parents? Ask their cooperation in encouraging your wife to take an interest in cooking and housekeeping. It's difficult for such a young girl suddenly to be thrust into adult responsibilities. You and her parents must help her grow up. If you do a good job, perhaps she will make you a fine wife yet!

Q *I'm a girl 17. Last year I sat in a class next to a boy of 18. We spoke to each other, but weren't real friends. Now he is in service, stationed in Japan and we write to each other. In his last letter he says he loves me and wants me to consider myself engaged. I like him, but I don't love him. Why should he fall in love? What shall I do?—D.C.*

A Long distance infatuations are common. Your friend is away from home, is lonely, and is in love with a dream girl more than he is with you. Usually such love does not last. Write a kindly, gentle letter to him. Tell him you respect his feeling, and appreciate his sincerity, but make it plain that you don't consider yourself engaged.

Q *I'm a preacher's son, 14. My father tells me I must behave. He says I have to be nice to the church ladies who call me "little man." My mother says that even at school I must remember I am a representative of a fine Christian organization. I resent being a preacher's son. Do other boys whose fathers are ministers feel this way? Will I ever be free like other kids?—L.H.*

A Many other preachers' sons feel the same way. However, they all get over it, and you will, too. As a rule, preachers' sons are more successful than other boys. They go farther in school. They are more likely to enter a profession. They marry carefully. Eventually, you'll be glad you are a preacher's son.

Q *My brother is 17 and can do anything he wants. I'm a girl, 15. My parents watch me like I was an idiot. I can't have dates; I must come straight home after basketball games; I have to be in bed by 9:15 week nights. My brother stays out as late as he wants. He has been dating*

for three years; he even drinks and smokes. Is it fair for him to have his freedom while I am such a slave? —G.S.

A He is older than you, for one thing. Also there is a tradition that girls need closer supervision than boys. I think both boys and girls should do their very best to live up to our Christian moral standards.

Q *Will you warn girls not to act crazy in front of a camera? I'm 13. I know a boy who is a camera fan. He develops his own negatives and prints. He took pictures of me pretending to be drunk. I was making dirty signs with my hands. Now the pictures are all over school. If my father sees them, he'll wallop me. Why was I such a fool?—M.J.*

A I'll be glad to warn other girls. Probably you responded emotionally to the boy who took the pictures. You wanted to please him. Your judgment was bad. We all make foolish mistakes. Tell your mother about the pictures. Have her prepare your father. Then grin and bear it.

Q *My principal and teachers have it in for me. I gave a girl a cigarette. It was her first smoke. The principal saw me, and suspended me. Does he have a right to do that for something which happened off the school grounds?—J.R.*

A Yes, he has the right. I'm sorry you feel that the principal and teachers are against you. You broke the law and should take your punishment. When you return to school ask the principal to help you get squared away. Follow his suggestions. Tell your teachers what you are trying to do. You'll find them willing to help, once they see you mean business.

Q *My boyfriend worked until he bought a car. Then he quit. Now he doesn't have money for gas. I have a job and want to buy gas so we can drive around. He is willing, but my mother says no. She does not like him, anyway. Is she using the gasoline as an excuse to break us up?—M.S.*

A Probably not. You should do what your mother says. Tradition requires boys to pay the cost of

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

What is 'depth' Bible study? In this old, old method of study, rediscovered in our day, the student attempts to find out not only what the writer tried to say to the people of his own day but what he is saying for present-day culture and relationships.

He takes a short passage (perhaps only a verse, sentence, or paragraph) and reads it in as many versions as he can find. He writes the thought in his own words, contemporary and nontheological. He does not try to commit the passage to memory so much as to commit his life to its truth. Someone has said that the basic purpose of depth Bible study is personal commitment to "the Living Word without the word."

'Ecumenical' and 'Confessional'—how do they differ? Ecumenical Christianity includes all forms in all parts of the world. It includes Roman Catholicism and the Pentecostal sects and Christian Science.

The World Council of Churches, with 198 member churches, is not completely ecumenical, but it is stretching in that direction within the framework of allegiance to the Holy Scriptures and the Trinity.

Confessional Christianity is denominational, and the major confessional bodies represent 250 million Christians. Many of these groups have their own worldwide organizations, like the Lutheran World Federation, the Baptist World Alliance, and the World Methodist Council.

Time was when ecumenical and confessional movements were considered to be antagonistic, and it was thought that they could not coexist. It now is believed that most confessional groups can make their best contribution to ecumenicity by emphasizing their own special heritage and insights. But there is a problem at the point of duplication of some organizations and activities.

How do Communists try to enter churches? So far as we can discover, only through social or recreational life, never by means of religious life. Dialectical materialism, with its emphasis on man's preoccupation with material things, has nothing in common with true Christianity, which stresses spiritual things. The communist ruse is soon detected by those who understand the Christian idea of man as a child of God.

"I'm no quiz kid," says Bishop Nall, former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, *"but I do like to try my hand at answering questions that bother people." His book* The Bible When You Need It Most *is further evidence of his interest.*

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

The small-town preacher rushed down to the railroad station every day to watch the train go by. Members of his congregation thought his pastime juvenile, and asked him to give it up.

"No, gentlemen," he said firmly, "I preach your sermons, teach your church-school classes, bury your dead, marry you, run your charities, chairman every drive it pleases you to conduct. But I won't give up seeing that train. It's the only thing that passes through this town that I don't have to push."

—PAULA BAISCH, *Newton, Ill.*

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Joe had not been in church Sunday, so when the new minister saw him the next day he chided, "I'm told you went to the ball game instead of church yesterday."

"That's a lie," Joe spouted, "and I've got the fish to prove it!"

—S. J. GUDGE, *Toronto, Ontario*

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The entire community was striving to convert old Uncle Ab. One day, a long-time friend tackled the problem. "Ab," he questioned, "don't it soften your heart to know the Lord loves you?"

"Do you aim to tell me," Uncle Ab scoffed, "that the Lord loves me when he ain't ever knowed me?"

The old friend thought a moment, then said sadly, "Ab, it's a heap easier for the Lord to love you without knowin' you than if he ever knowed you like I do."

—CHARLES KENNEDY, *Jackson, Mich.*

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If you have one or more favorite church-related chuckles you'd like to share with our readers, send them in! We'll pay $5 for each one we print. We can't return contributions, though, so please don't enclose postage.—EDS.

entertaining girls. Very few teen-age couples take exception to the tradition. Your boyfriend should have a job. Cars are expensive.

Q *I'm a boy, 16. Last night my stepfather got mad at me and hit me with a fist. I tried to hit him back. My mother got between us, and I hit her instead. She has an awful bruise on her face now, and I feel terrible about it. This is the fourth time my stepfather and I have fought. What shall I do about it?—R.A.*

A Do you have an older brother or sister you could live with? Or another relative who could take you? If not, go with your mother to your county foster home headquarters (probably in either the probation office or the welfare department). Find another place to live. You'll be better off away from your stepfather. After you move, be sure to keep in touch with your mother.

Q *I'm a boy, 14. My mother thinks I am in love, I daydream so much. She is wrong. I'm not in love, I just sit and daydream about sex. I also have sex dreams at night. I am able to make myself think about school work or athletics, when I try, but the minute I relax, I start getting evil thoughts. Am I going crazy? Or am I a sinner, through and through?—R.C.*

A Many boys have similar daydreams, and night dreams. The dreams do not mean you are going crazy. Significant changes have been taking place in your body. Partly, your preoccupation with sex comes from them. Partly, the daydreams are a matter of choice. You can keep yourself from wasting your time this way if you try. Keep busy with your schoolwork, go to school games and other worthwhile activities. Don't give yourself time to relax and daydream. You'll be better off that way.

Q *I want to go steady, but my girl friend refuses. I'm 16, she is 15. We're old enough to go steady, aren't we? What are its advantages and disadvantages?—W.G.*

A Many kids start going steady at your age. The chief advantage is that you're always sure of having a date. One disadvantage is that kids who go steady get too friendly and often fall in love. They neck and frequently go too far. Another disadvantage is that when you go steady you don't get acquainted with other girls. It is important for you to get acquainted with many nice girls. Then you'll have a basis for judging them when the time comes to think of marriage.

Q *I'm a girl, 13. I went to my first big dance last month. I had a new permanent. Mama bought me a new dress. I used makeup for the first time. My parents said I looked lovely. The boys didn't think so; I sat with my girl friends all evening. I was not asked to dance even once! I cried all the way home. What is wrong with me?—E.B.*

A Nothing is wrong. Nearly all girls have the same experience at their first big dances. Most girls of 13 are interested in boys, but fewer than one half of the boys of 13 are interested in girls. They refuse to attend parties or dances. That means there never are enough boys to go around. I suggest you ask to be appointed to the committee which plans the next dance. Then see to it that there are tag dances and mixers. Everybody will have more fun that way.

Q *I'm a boy, 18, living at home. I've been arguing with my father. He says that as long as I live under his roof and take his money, I must obey him. I say I became independent when I turned 18. I want to smoke. He says I can't. When does a boy grow up?—D.B.*

A They grow up at different times, depending upon their homes and themselves. You came into certain legal rights at 18, but you still have moral obligations to your parents. Probably a majority of men would say exactly what your father said. Smoking is unwise, anyway. It has been proven beyond a doubt that cigarette smokers shorten their lives materially. Better not start smoking.

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Puzzled about how to handle a situation? You needn't be. Just write Dr. Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill., for guidance. He's our experienced counselor —ready to help you.*

Christian Living Is Too Hard

A Together in the Home Feature *by Kathleen Bruce*

STEVE burst into the kitchen with a home-run slide.

"We won, Mom!" he announced breathlessly, waving a dollar bill. "I bet one of the guys that the Reds would win the ball game . . ."

"But Steve—"

"Now, don't preach, Mom! I won the bet—the dollar's mine, fair and square."

"Fair possibly, by some people's standards, but taking money from a friend on a bet, Steve, that's just not Christian living."

"Then Christian living's too hard!" Steve swung on his heel, slamming the kitchen door behind him.

It wasn't just Steve's betting that worried me. Steven had made new friends, but he did not seem willing to bring them home. Actually about all his father and I knew about them was merely their names were Joe, Dan, and Gerry, and that Dan and Gerry were older.

Recently, the boys' activities had upset us seriously. There was the moving of several real-estate "For Sale" signs. Harmless enough, perhaps, but it had been a nuisance for agents and clients. And it was wrong. After our suburban weekly printed an editorial on "this wilful misbehavior of some of our youth," Steve had admitted he and his friends moved the signs "just for kicks."

Then there was the BB-gun episode. An elderly gentleman had scolded Steve and his friends for loud talking in front of his house. The boys retaliated by pelleting his aluminum storm door with a BB-gun. The man phoned the police, who picked up Steve (his friends disappeared!) and brought him home with a stern reprimand for him and his parents.

The knife alarmed me most. I had found it in the pocket of Steve's jeans when I was putting them in the laundry. I asked him about it, and he told me he had ordered it from a catalogue. "Dan says every guy should carry a knife for self-protection."

As parents, we had tried to train Steve in Christian principles. Our goal had been to help him develop self-discipline. Now, we had had to punish him for his involvement in the sign-moving and the BB-gun episodes; and, of course, I had confiscated the knife.

How could we help him? Steve was feeling the adolescent's normal desire for freedom from his parents. Might he not deliberately veer away from any principles we might "preach" to him?

I prayed earnestly, but Steve became even more rebellious toward advice and punishment, and still refused to bring his friends home. I dreaded the summer, for his efforts to get a job were unsuccessful.

One Sunday, as my husband and I were leaving church (Steve had refused to come) we were stopped by Larry Brown, a counselor for our Methodist Youth Fellowship.

"We'd like to have Steven come to our fellowship meetings," he said.

"We've tried to persuade him to come, but he's so reluctant—" I confessed. Then, on impulse, I told Mr. Brown about Steve's new friends.

The next evening Steve got a telephone call. After a long conversation, he came back into the room.

"Mr. Brown wants me to go to church camp next week," he said casually. "He says a lot of the guys

"At night, when we sat around our campfire, I kept remembering the things we'd talked about during the day."

are going. I can even ask Joe and Dan and Gerry. If they go, I guess I will too."

Dan and Gerry refused to go, but Joe was willing if Steve went. Steve, undecided, finally announced: "Guess I'll give camp a try."

The young people returned from camp on Friday noon. Steve was unusually quiet at lunch, but I felt he wanted to talk. I noticed he wore a tiny block of wood on a chain around his neck. I asked him about it.

"It means something special, Mom. But I can't tell about it—I have to show what it means," he told me. Then, after a moment of quietness, he began to tell about the group leaders, their talks about the Bible, the life and teachings of Jesus, and how everybody had a chance to talk, ask questions, and "say what we really thought."

One of their group leaders, he said, was the high-school gym teacher.

"I never knew he went to church —and he prays and reads the Bible," Steve told me. "Say, he gave me a job cutting his grass this summer."

He went on: "At night, when we sat around our campfire, I sort of kept remembering the things we'd talked about during the day. Wait a minute . . ." He dug in his bag.

"You want to read this stuff, Mom? Maybe Dad would like to read it, too." He handed me a packet of mimeographed folders.

The first contained the study theme for the camp period. Titled *The Conquest of Inner Space,* it was developed along the idea that while man is beginning the conquest of outer space, the inner space of human beings is still unconquered.

I paused to read some of the questions: *What, actually, constitutes the Christian life? Does our contemporary moral code come up to Jesus' standards? How would you go about living an "all-out" Christian life for just one day?*

I asked Steve how this last one was answered. He grinned. "It can be done, we tried it. But it's hard!"

He picked up his bag: "Guess I'll unpack and hunt up Joe." In the doorway he turned and said: "At church Sunday our minister is going to talk about camp. All of us who went are going to sit together."

As I read the camp study guide and discussion questions, I began to feel a vague disquiet. Those Christian principles I had preached to Steven. How would I go about living an "all-out" Christian life for just one day? This day, for instance.

First, I realized, I would have to phone the dairy about the undercharge on our milk bill. It was their mistake, but if I kept the $2, could I judge Steve's keeping money on a bet to be wrong?

"All-out" Christian living would mean calling on old Mrs. Bailey in the rest home instead of going shopping this afternoon. She would be expecting me, but this was the last day of the sale on those milk-glass goblets I needed to complete my set.

And those goblets were expensive, even on sale. If I "borrowed" from our tithe money, as I had planned, would I really repay it as I had promised myself? There had been other times. Yet I often had "preached" to Steve about the importance of systematic tithing.

If I were really true to my Christian principles, I would not serve cocktails to our dinner guests tonight. Steve's father and I are opposed to drinking, but the Joneses always have a drink before dinner.

And I would have to cancel Sunday morning's outing so we could go to church. "Our minister is going to tell everybody about camp," Steve had said. His father and I would have to be in the congregation to hear. It was a lot easier to "talk" Christian principles than it was going to be to live them. Yet I knew that if we were to help our son believe in the principles we so much wanted for him, we had to live so he would have no doubt of our own belief in them.

A few days later, Steve asked if he might have a meeting of the camp group in our back yard. He told me they planned to have several campfire get-togethers during the summer, just for talk. A counselor would be present at each gathering.

Steve also began to attend the Sunday-evening MYF meetings regularly. He was still spending much time with Joe, but the two usually were at our house, experimenting in a "chem lab" they had set up in the basement, doing gymnastics, or practicing baseball in the backyard.

Steve no longer saw Dan and Gerry.

Of course, problems continued to pop up. Often Steve was rebellious, determined, increasingly insistent on independence. But we were closer in mutual understanding. Usually we were able to talk out our differences.

Now, at 16, Steve shows reassuring proof of the inner discipline his father and I have desired for him. He remains active in our church youth fellowship, and I will never forget the joy I felt on a recent Sunday when I listened to our son lead the Affirmation of Faith in the morning worship service conducted by the MYF.

When children are in their teens, the religious influence of their parents—no matter how hard they try —is not enough. They need added support from outside adults they respect, and from their contemporaries. I am sure this support has steadied Steve through the shaky years of adolescence.

Soon he will be ready for college. I hope he will choose one of our church-related schools, or one of the 183 schools that have a Wesley Foundation on campus. Yes, Christian living is hard—too hard without help. That is why you will find Steve's parents with their son in the sanctuary on Sunday mornings.

Refutation

"THE churches are full of hypocrites. I'd rather stay in bed on Sunday morning."—A remark overheard.

I heard an Elmer Gantry
give the Sermon on the Mount.
Yet I still believe in sainthood.

I saw a chauvinist wave
the Stars and Stripes merrily.
Yet I do not find patriotism ignoble.

A misanthrope first read
13 Corinthians to me.
Yet I will never renounce love.

Is God less beautiful
if his children are imperfect?
Is Christ less a Savior
if multitudes go unsaved?
Is the beacon of democracy
less a light of hope
if superpatriots dim it?
Should I cast aside my ideals
if I do not always uphold them?

—Jill Crawford

Aldersgate Family Devotional

For use May 24 at a quarter to nine to coincide with John Wesley's Aldersgate Experience.

By J. MANNING POTTS
Editor, *The Upper Room*

SCRIPTURE READING: 1 Peter 1:1-4, Psalm 130

TEXT: *"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."*—2 Peter 1:4 (KJV)

May 24, 1738, was a memorable day in the life of John Wesley. That day he became a changed man. Because of what happened, historians say England was changed.

Wesley arose before daybreak on May 24, and about five o'clock he opened his New Testament at our text. Just as he went out he opened it again and read the word from Mark 12:34 (KJV), "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." These two passages spoke to his heart. The Moravians had been telling him that he was not far from the Kingdom, but still not in it.

HYMN: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" Charles Wesley
(*The Methodist Hymnal*, 338. May be read or sung.)

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

In the afternoon, Wesley was asked to go to St. Paul's Cathedral. Wesley heard the cathedral choir sing the 130th Psalm, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice." This event was a wayside experience along the road to a richer life. It was a short distance from the magnificent cathedral, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, to that little society meeting in Aldersgate Street, but it was a long way in Wesley's experience. In the cathedral, Wesley was still not far from the Kingdom.

That evening, Wesley says, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

This experience gave Wesley an assurance of salvation that he had not known. He had moved into the Kingdom and the Kingdom was in him. Today we who are called Methodists have the common heritage of the warmed heart.

HYMN: "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing" .....Charles Wesley
(*The Methodist Hymnal*, 162)

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

PRAYER (in unison): Our Father, we thank thee for John Wesley and for what he did for the world. We thank thee for the world parish of The Methodist Church. May The Methodist Church, a part of the body of Christ, be alive to human need today. Give us, we pray thee, the witness of the Spirit that we may have hearts warmed to thee and to our fellowmen. In the Savior's name. Amen.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: If Aldersgate is to mean anything to me, I must have my own experience.

Light Unto My Path

James R. Sewell
Wilmot, Ark.

George Pearce, Jr.
Natchitoches, La.

George F. Weyand
Newburgh, N.Y.

J. R. McAlister
Clinton, S.C.

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School Lessons

MAY 5

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.—Psalms 51:17 (KJV)

"IS THERE a chaplain in the crowd?" This question was asked by a drunken soldier one night on Bataan, Philippine Islands, in 1945. Negligence to duty, disrespect to his commanding officer, and continued drunkenness had made him subject to general court-martial.

It was suggested that he see the chaplain. He briefly related the situation and suggested need of prayer. I asked him to pray. Then, I responded in prayer.

There followed additional discussion. A second time the soldier suggested that we ought to pray. Again, I asked him to pray, after which I supported his prayer as best I could. Arising from prayer he said, "Everything is all right."

He attended worship service next day and each service thereafter. He did personal work that caused twice as many of his fellow soldiers to attend as were present at the previous service. His commanding officer forgave him on all charges. He became a model soldier.

Here the psalmist wishes to teach transgressors the truth in order to turn them to God rather than to cry out against them; to sing a song of thanksgiving for his deliverance from the death of sin; to offer that which God desires above all else—"a broken and a contrite heart."

When everything is thus restored, God will even be delighted once again to accept one's whole offering. We are told there is rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repents. Why not an excess of joy in the heart of the sinner on earth who is forgiven?

One moment the sinner was a defiant man, the next he was a penitent before the judgment of God. Who has not prayed, gratefully, the words of the ancient penitent: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and put a new and right spirit within me"? or, confessed, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path"?

Prayer: O God, through the remembrance of the ever presence of the Spirit of Christ, enable us to walk in the light of truth rather than grope in darkness. Amen.

—JAMES R. SEWELL

MAY 12

He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers to teach to their children.—Psalms 78:5

FATHER and mother were sound asleep in their bedroom one night, and their preschool son was asleep in his adjoining room. A storm broke upon that area with its accompanying lightning and thunder.

The parents slept until a sudden loud clap of thunder awakened them. The father, thinking that the little lad would be frightened, rushed into his room.

The boy had left his bed and was standing at the window, listening and watching as the lightning flashed across the sky. He was clapping his hands and saying excitedly:

"Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

This story, as told by Margueritte Bro, helps me to know that a good church-school teacher, or grandparent, had given this lad some excellent training about the greatness of God as exhibited in the violence of nature. Someone had certainly followed the psalmist's advice for fathers to teach their children.

The family is God's chosen unit for instruction. A community is too large for intimate instruction, but a family is just right. The laboratory for the working out of Christian principles is one's own backyard or kitchen. The Supreme Court ruling against New York's public-school prayer makes it even more mandatory that we train our children within the confines of our own homes.

Parents, have your children ever heard you read aloud from the Holy Scriptures? Have they ever heard you pray?

Have you taken them with you to perform deeds of kindness for those who are distressed and need a Good Samaritan's help?

Prayer: Heavenly Father, we are grateful to thee for entrusting to us our children and youth. Help us to be worthy of this trust. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—GEORGE PEARCE, JR.

MAY 19

Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them from their distress.—Psalms 107:6

WE ALL know what it means to be in some kind of distress. Last Christmas Day, I went through the file at the hospital to see if any of our members had to remain there on that joyous day.

I was shocked to find the name of one of my parishioners—a lovely, elderly lady—who had just been admitted. She had fallen beside her Christmas tree and fractured a hip.

Christmas Day! What a time to be in the hospital! How alone one must feel, missing the family celebration! When I tried to express my sadness over her being confined on this day, she replied cheerfully, "Why complain? I always say if one kicks he only hurts his own toes." She was ready to make the best of this distress. By what grace could she do so?

Sometimes God removes our trouble. But we need to remind ourselves that the Christian faith never promises a trouble-free life. It does promise that we shall find strength adequate to the task—if we cry unto the Lord.

It may be that the deliverance will be the strength to battle through the hardship with a victorious spirit, as did the woman in the hospital. She could meet the disappointment because she trusted in God and knew that, come what may, he would see her through. Therefore, even in distress, she could be of good cheer. God had delivered her from distress.

Paul prayed to be rid of his thorn in the flesh. It was not removed. Yet he received God's promise which enabled him to live victoriously: "My grace is sufficient for thee." So be it unto us also!

Prayer: Hear us, O Lord, when we cry unto thee. Grant that we may hear when thou dost speak unto us. In Christ's name, give us grace. Amen.

—GEORGE F. WEYAND

MAY 26

I was glad when they said to me, "Let us go to the house of the Lord!"—Psalms 122:1

SOME TIME ago a lad of about five years said, "Preacher, I had rather go to church than to any other place. You know why? Because everybody is good to me there—including Mommy and Daddy!"

It sounded as though he was not getting that little extra special attention at home that he got at church. Maybe his motive was not quite right, but he was *glad* when he could go into the house of God. There was a note of joy in his voice and a glimmer of light on his face as he thought about *his* church.

The psalmist, also, is overjoyed at having the invitation to journey to the house of God. He is glad for the experience of worship, for the high moment in his life as he gains strength to lift the heavy load from his dreary soul.

Man was created to have fellowship with God, and until that fellowship is complete, there remains a restlessness and a dissatisfaction within his nature. The church affords us the opportunity to fulfill that relationship, for it is grounded in the redeeming love of God. As we go into his house to give thanks, to pray, to commit ourselves to him, we find a stability that cannot be secured any other place.

As it is so easy to get lost in the world, we need the high experience of worship. We need, and should be happy for the privilege to go into the house of God where our minds are lifted above the mundane tasks.

Through worship, we gain that "peace that passeth all understanding."

Our Christian church is that signal pointing us upward to God and the fullness we have in him. When we worship, we return with our spiritual being recharged to meet the demands of the coming days. The toil and journey of our daily life cannot be met adequately without this spiritual nourishment.

Prayer: Our Father, so fill us with thy love and understanding that we may always come in joy and thanksgiving to thy house. Help us to realize that our emptiness can always be filled in true worship to thee. Amen.

—J. R. MCALISTER

Praying At Midnight

MANY laymen, and even some ministers, think around-the-clock prayer vigils are a waste of time. I felt that way, too, until I participated in one while on the Gainesboro charge.

Our Virginia Methodist Conference planned a vigil and out of loyalty I agreed the six churches on my charge that year would participate in one to be held at a central church. When I learned we had been assigned a 12-hour period from midnight to noon, I fully expected to have to stay in church the entire time myself.

Since our young people would be unable to attend because of school and homework, I asked them to plan the program. To my surprise, they took over with enthusiasm, arranging for the churches to make tape recordings of prayer and music.

Right on schedule at midnight, a couple who had driven 12 miles entered the church. It was lighted only by two pulpit candles. As recorded organ music filled the sanctuary, I spoke: "The cross, which is the center of Christianity, stands for the Savior, who defeated death and is among you this moment. . . ." Then came the choirs' *I Am Praying for You,* followed by more comments by the minister and by prayers and hymns. Each 30-minute period was set off by the choirs' recorded *God Be With You.*

People came and went steadily. During the 12 hours, each church was represented. More than 70 persons had committed themselves to attend; only four failed.

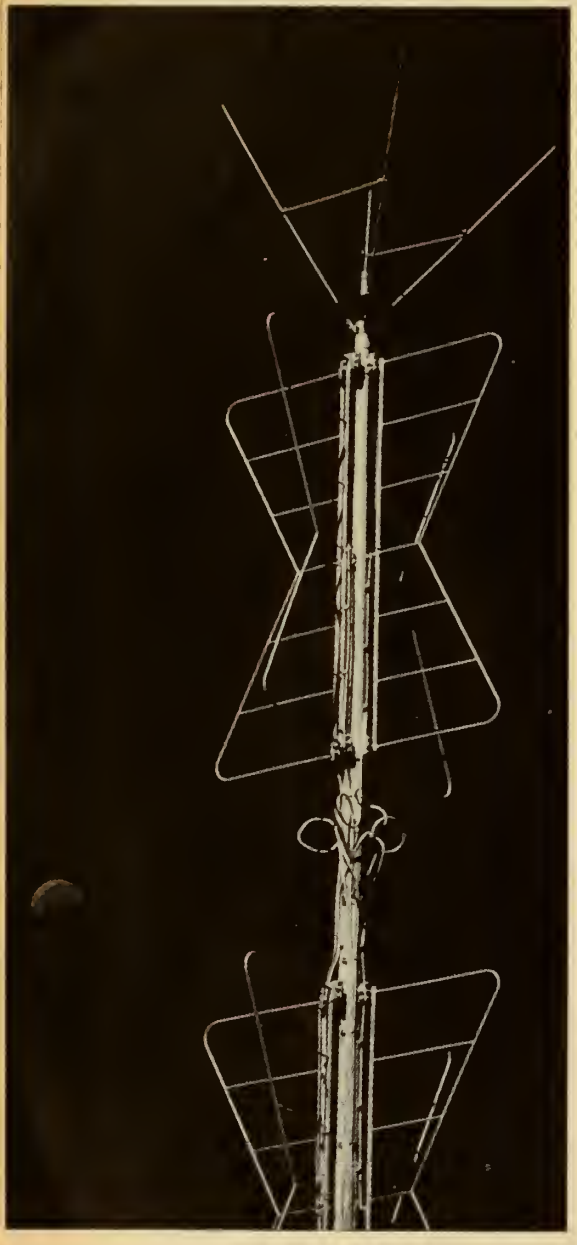
As each half hour was over, I watched closely as people left. They were not sleepy, for their souls had been refreshed. Like Peter, they had seen the countenance of their Lord.

Now, months later, benefits were still being felt. Recently a woman told me, "It was the most wonderful experience I have ever known.

"It was more sacred and meant much more," she explained, "because I sacrificed sleep—and gave it to God in prayer."

—PHILIP E. WEEKS

Looks at NEW Books



"How preoccupied is man with progress," says Robert B. Anderson's contemplative poem about the blessings for which America should be grateful—and the dangers of which free men should beware. It concludes: "This nation needs to pray." The picture above is in the book.

BACK IN July, 1961 [pages 2-3], TOGETHER published a powerful blank verse poem that had been delivered by **Robert B. Anderson**, then secretary of the Treasury, at the opening of the Washington National Cathedral. Its title was *A Nation Needs to Pray*, and we were proud of it not only because of its own excellence but because it was the work of an outstanding Methodist layman.

Now we are prouder still. Robert Lutnes, religious editor of Thomas Nelson & Sons, was so impressed by Anderson's verses that he decided to create a book with them. Nelson's photographic consultant, Frances L. Orkin, set the lines to pictures much as a composer would have set them to music, and the book titled ***A Nation Needs to Pray*** (Nelson, $3.95) is a stirring word and picture testament.

In the foreword, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower says: "Throughout the nation's history, a deeply felt religious faith has been a powerful force molding Americans in uncounted ways; shaping our system; enriching our heritage."

If the picture on page 42 of John Wesley at Herrnhut with Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf intrigues you, you can find out more about the remarkable German nobleman and his fellow Moravians in ***Zinzendorf, The Ecumenical Pioneer*** (Westminster, $3.75).

This book by Moravian minister **A. J. Lewis** gives us a scholarly yet absorbing record of the plain-looking man who assumed no grand or solemn airs yet whose eyes were full of fire.

Count Zinzendorf devoted his life and fortune to the missionary activities of the Moravian Church. His name was loved by slaves in the West Indies, Eskimos in Greenland, Negroes in Surinam. Isaac Watts revered him as a "person of uncommon zeal and piety," and he was called the greatest German Evangelical since Luther.

The most remarkable thing about him, Dr. Lewis believes, was his belief that all members of Christ are brethren, whether belonging to Rome, Wittenberg, or Jerusalem. He did not seek to abolish organizational distinctions. Rather, he thought them so unimportant that he would not press the claim of his own denomination. He instructed his followers to enroll their converts not as members of the Moravian Church but as Christians.

When they were students at Oxford, John Wesley used to brace himself when his brother Charles walked into his study. Charles, full of the poetic muse and being shortsighted, would sometimes walk right against his brother's table, often overturning it. If the "fine phrenzy" were not quite so high, he would merely discompose books and papers, ask some questions, not always waiting for a reply, repeat the verse that had just struck him, and finally leave his brother to his studies.

During his lifetime, Charles Wesley wrote about 9,000 poems, many of them the hymns for which he has become best known within the Protestant church. This is something like three times the output of William Wordsworth and even more than that of Robert Browning.

Representative Verse of Charles Wesley (Abingdon, $11) now is available to American readers in a limited edition of a volume previously published in England. **Frank Baker**, an English Methodist minister now lecturing in church history at Duke University Divinity School, chose 335 examples for it, divided them into hymns, devotional verse, and miscellaneous poems, and wrote an absorbing 50-page introduction that discusses Charles Wesley's academic and spiritual background, his command of meter, and the structure and style of his verse.

Modern biographers have been hard on Samuel Wesley, dwelling on his lack of business ability, his failure as a farmer, his inability to understand his daughters, and his mercurial temperament.

Maldwyn Edwards strives to set the record straight in ***Sons to Samuel*** (Epworth Press, London; available in this country through Abingdon Press, $2.50). The man who emerges is tempestuous, irascible, but a brilliant student, a devoted churchman, and an altogether human husband and father.

His wife, Susanna, declared it "a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge should be confined to an obscure corner of the country where his talents are buried." Samuel's own letters to theirs sons John, Charles, and Samuel, Jr., show his never-flagging interest in their interests and his readiness to offer—and seek—advice.

To his sons, he transmitted his love of books and sound learning, his sturdy orthodoxy with its strong evangelical emphasis, his love of the Anglican Church, and his own large vision of the worldwide Church.

Any fresh estimate of Methodist beginnings, writes Edwards, will not touch the status of the remarkable Susanna, but it will recognize the powerful influence of the rector: "Let him keep his blemishes; he still remains the first great fashioner of the Methodist story."

The book also gives us a valuable study of the partnership of John and Charles Wesley, their relation to Samuel, Jr., and their contribution through Methodism to the universal church.

Helen B. Walters gives boys and girls a bright, appealing picture of young John Wesley and his brothers and sisters in ***When John Wesley Was a Boy*** (Baker, $1.50).

It takes him from his birth to the time he decided to prepare to preach the Gospel. Life was not dull at Epworth Rectory, and Miss Walters' sprightly writing will put young readers right into the spirit of it.

One of the South's most formidable fighters for integration is petite, blue-eyed **Sarah Patton Boyle**, descendant of not one but several first families of Virginia and daughter of an Episcopal clergyman.

It was when she was 44 that she looked at herself and her South "for the first time." A qualified Negro lawyer had to sue for admission to the University of Virginia, and Mrs. Boyle, as the wife of a professor at the university, offered her help, almost casually, naïvely taking it for granted that all "nice" people would think as she did.

It was the first step in a metamorphosis that led her to "leave the white race to join the human race." The journey was not easy. White friends dropped her, Negroes were wary, doubtful of her staying power. But slowly and painfully, the condescension with which she, like other "quality" Southerners, treated the Negroes dropped from her and understanding took its place.

The Desegregated Heart (Morrow, $5) is her own frank record of her struggle toward understanding and Christian maturity. She is not afraid to hold a mirror up to her mistakes. She is not afraid to laugh at herself. And she is not afraid to be a crusader for a cause she has come to believe in.

"Here is the last of the discoveries which have renewed me," she writes. "When you obey the First Commandment in Jesus' summary, the Second is not only your balance, but also your reward. As soon as you love God, you love man. Once you love God, you cannot help loving man."

The Dynamics of Church Growth (Abingdon, $2.50) is subtitled "A positive approach for world missions," and this is an accurate description of Methodist Bishop **J. Waskom Pickett**'s very readable book.

Evangelism throughout the world, declares Bishop Pickett, is not just desirable, it is essential. He is convinced that the opportunities and responsibilities of the church are now greater than they ever were before, and he says the church is better equipped for its work than it has been since apostolic times.

His world-ranging view of Christian missions is rooted in practical experience. For 46 years, he served in India as a pastor, editor, publisher, secretary of regional and national Christian councils, and bishop. Since his retirement from episcopal administration in 1956, he has been visiting professor of missions in Boston University School of Theology and has also served as counselor in evangelism for the Methodist Board of Missions.

The explosive worldwide problems of poverty, hunger, illiteracy and disease are the concern of **Paul G. Hoffman**. It was he who carried the Marshall Plan to success. Now he is managing director of the United Nations Special Fund.

In ***World Without Want*** (Harper & Row, $3.50), he points out that the people in two thirds of the world, earning the equivalent of half a loaf of bread a day, have awakened to the fact that their poverty is not inevitable. Unless their demand for a better life is met, we may have other Congos, and other Cubas.

"Morally, we cannot escape concern," he writes, "politically, the seething unrest demands it; economically, we will

An anthem that helped make Methodist history.

Out of the Deep

AT 3 P.M., May 24, 1738, the day his soul-lifting experience came to John Wesley at Aldersgate, he heard an anthem in London's famous St. Paul's Cathedral [page 1]. This is that anthem, as abridged by Dr. Austin C. Lovelace. With music he arranged, it is now published by Abingdon Press (35¢). The original was written by Dr. William Croft (1678-1727), and was one of 30 anthems published in 1724. The words are drawn from Psalm 130.

St. Paul's Cathedral
as it looked in Wesley's day

Out of the depths I cry to thee,
O Lord!
Lord, hear my voice!
Let thy ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplications!

If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities,
Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul waits,
and in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord
more than watchmen for the morning,
more than watchmen for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord!
For with the Lord there is steadfast love,
and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he will redeem Israel
from all his iniquities.

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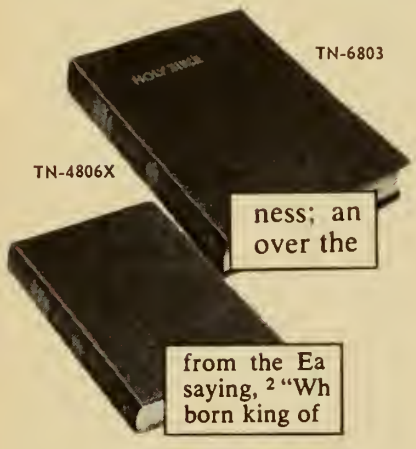

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gain from it. The bluntest and most accurate answer to why we should be concerned is that we must be if we are to survive."

Reviewing the mistakes of the 1950s, he prescribes steps to spur growth in the 100 countries and territories still dominated by poverty, urging business-like surveys to prepare the way for profitable investment—and reminding us that while 70 percent of the capital required for economic development must come from advanced countries, the sum needed is less than 5 percent of the world's annual outlay for defense.

When **Tennessee Ernie Ford** was three years old, his father was invited to bring him to the Men's Bible Class at the Anderson Street Methodist Church, Bristol, Tenn. They had heard he knew the words to *The Old Rugged Cross*.

Ford does not remember whether he did know them or not, but he began singing at an early age, and it was not long until he was taking his place with the choir. He also sang with the Cornfield Canaries, a group of about 20 persons the senior Ford organized to sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. And in high school, young Ernie sang with a quartet that used to accompany the minister on visits to the jail. Now a full-fledged recording and television star, Ford is known as much for his rich-voiced singing of hymns as he is for his pixie mountain humor.

A collection of his—and many another Methodist's—favorite hymns, spirituals, and carols appears in ***Tennessee Ernie Ford's Book of Favorite Hymns*** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). The accompaniments are simple, each selection is introduced personally by Ford, and the book is mighty pleasant to have on the piano.

I have been reading a paperback book you may have already run into in an adult study course. But I think it is such good basic reading for every Christian that I want to mention it.

It is ***The Bible and God's Call*** (50¢), a study of the Biblical foundation of vocation, by **Howard C. Kee** and **Montgomery J. Shroyer**. The Church's Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations and the Department of Ministerial Education published it to help further the quadrennial emphasis on ministerial recruitment.

Actually, it does not confine itself to the Bible. It discusses attitudes toward vocation down through the centuries to today. I like it because it is a reasoned and sensible consideration that includes the many ministries of the church, the priesthood of all believers, and not just the pastoral ministry that is, of course, ministry in its most vital form.

Most of **W. D. Weatherford**'s 65 years as a Methodist minister have been devoted to interdenominational Young Men's Christian Association work and Appalachian Mountain service. Out of that rich background, he has written ***Studies in Christian Experience*** (Methodist Evangelistic Materials, $1).

This book, which will make you feel that Dr. Weatherford is speaking directly to you, deals with the basics of the Christian's belief in God and Christ, his attitude toward life, and how it feels to enter into and grow in Christian experience.

It is equally excellent for reading and

Recent Books on WESLEY

John Wesley (Abingdon, $3.50), by Ingvar Haddal—Fresh interpretation that paints a picture of a man fiery yet rational, lofty of purpose yet amazingly practical, calm yet vibrant with energy.

John Wesley: Friend of the People (Twayne, $5), by Oscar Sherwin—Recreates 18th-century England—corrupt, heedless of religion. Through it moves the founder of Methodism, lit with an inner fire that made his sermons "clutch at men's hearts."

By John Wesley (Association, 50¢)—Bishop T. Otto Nall draws from Wesley's own writings to introduce him to the modern reader.

The Young Mr. Wesley (St. Martin's Press, $8), by V. H. H. Green—The best volume in English on the youthful Wesley, but more for the student than for the ordinary reader.

John Wesley: Spiritual Witness (Denison, $3), by Paul Lambourne Higgins—Emphasizes the mystical, supernatural, and psychical phenomena in the life of John Wesley.

In the Steps of John Wesley (Alec R. Allenson, $5), by Frederick C. Gill—Takes the reader for a tour of Wesley's England.

John Wesley (Abingdon, $2.50), by May McNeer and Lynd Ward—The life of Methodism's founder told for children nine or over.

John Wesley's Theology Today (Abingdon, $4.50), by Colin W. Williams—Examines the Wesley tradition in the light of current theological dialogue; for layman and scholar.

studying by yourself or for use in study groups.

When **Norman E. Nygaard**'s biographical novel about Francis Asbury came in, our staff experts on Methodism's pioneer bishop grabbed it eagerly.

They came up for air to inform me that ***Bishop on Horseback*** (Zondervan, $2.50) had disappointed them. It does not, they said, always stick to historical truth. An example: The author refers to Captain Webb's sympathy with the Colonies on the eve of the American Revolution. Actually, Webb despised the Continental Congress and claimed to have spied for the British.

I realize that historical novelists commonly embroider the facts, sometimes even twist them, but I would not want you to read this book for anything but entertainment. Actually, even from this standpoint, I think it misses. It brushes off the most challenging 25 years of Asbury's ministry—the years when he rode west of the mountains to meet the hardships and drama of the American frontier.

We can be grateful to Mr. Nygaard even so. Bishop Asbury's story needs to be told many times, and it is good to know that this particular author, who is a Presbyterian minister, would become so absorbed in the man who personified Methodism in its early days on this continent that he has tried to put him between the covers of a book.

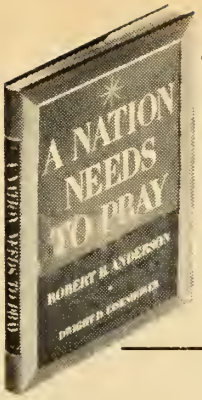
Our daughter is grown up and our son towers over his mother, but I was reminded of their first delighted discoveries of the earth and its marvels when I opened ***A Sense of Nature*** (Doubleday, $4.95).

This photographic essay by **John Hay** and **Arline Strong** is a poignant record of the wanderings of a group of children one summer on Cape Cod. All members of the family should enjoy it.

If you really wanted to keep the books in your household in tip-top condition, you would move to England. Normal English living conditions are about right for them, while the average American home is too warm and too dry, I learned from ***The Complete Encyclopedia of Antiques*** (Hawthorn, $25).

To keep your American house ideal for books would require air conditioning with a temperature of about 60 degrees and a humidity between 50 and 60 percent. If your family is like mine, however, this would be uncomfortably cool for the human inhabitants, and you had better just forget about it.

The *Complete Encyclopedia* holds a large storehouse of other useful information, but I would not call it complete. It is designed primarily for col-



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lectors and would not be particularly valuable to the average householder. It was compiled by the British magazine *The Connoisseur,* under the direction of its editor, **L. G. G. Ramsey**, and takes a generalized view of the various areas of antique collecting.

The Hebrew Bible is divided into three parts: the first five books, known as the Torah, or Pentateuch; the Prophets; and the Kethubim, or Writings. Together, these make up what we Christians know as the Old Testament.

The Jewish Publication Society of America is deep in a 20-year project to translate the entire Old Testament into modern English, and ***The Torah*** (The Jewish Publication Society of America, $5) has just appeared in print.

The result of eight years work, it is based directly on the ancient Masoretic text of the Scriptures. Mistranslations that have persisted through earlier versions have been discarded and the understanding which recent archaeological discoveries and linguistic advances have given us lends new depth and meaning.

A group of eminent Jewish scholars and theologians headed by Dr. Harry M. Orlinsky, professor of Bible at the Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion, is responsible for the translation.

Christians as well as Jews can be grateful for this milestone in man's search for a fuller understanding of the Bible.

Humor that causes a polite chuckle in Mayfair does not always produce guffaws on Main Street, USA, but **Harry Hargreaves** is an English cartoonist whose humor is universal. His work appears in *Punch,* and now it is in book form in a blithe collection called ***The Bird and Others*** (Norton, $2.95).

The hero of the book is a very young bird who has the buoyant optimism of a three-year-old and the derring-do of a cavalier. If his best-laid aggressions backfire, it is not his fault. If professional grouches spoil his innocent pleasure, it is they who look out of place, not he. Yet if you are wearied by the ebullience of the young, you will sympathize with his penguin friends, who are as totally adult as only a British penguin could be.

Here is humor for the whole family, but chiefly for those who are mature enough to appreciate the freshness of the young in heart.

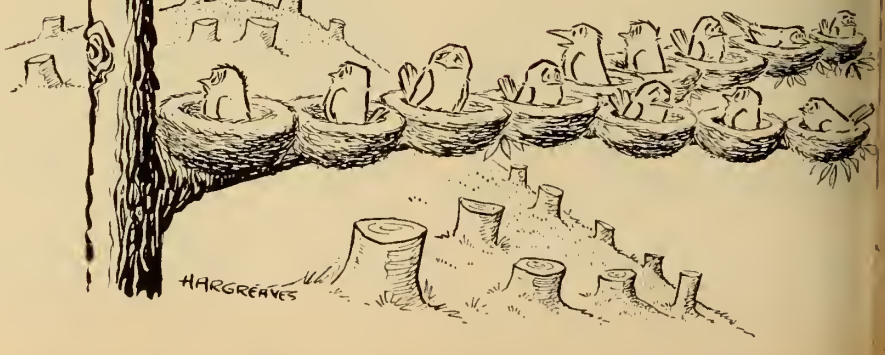
Dr. **Benjamin Spock**, whose *Baby and Child Care* has sold 13 million copies, turns to help the parents of children of all ages—babyhood through the teens—in ***Problems of Parents*** (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

What can we do to keep our youngsters from becoming more and more anxious as the cold war continues? Is it better for a child's parents to divorce or quarrel? How should we treat stepchildren? What about the child that gets picked on? Or the neighbor's youngster who refuses to obey your house rules?

How do you tell a little child about religion and about death? What can you tell your teen-age daughter about how to behave on a date? What about the child who screams, "I hate you!"?

These are the sort of questions Dr. Spock tackles, and his answers are clear and reassuring. His manner is that of an old and welcome friend of the family, so much so that you may forget he is a child psychiatrist and pediatrician of considerable note. But you will never doubt that he is himself a father and grandfather who has experienced the same problems—and joys—of child-rearing you may be experiencing now.

TOGETHER's recent color pictorial on Methodist deaconess work [*American Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service,* February, page 35] whetted my



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interest in the life of Episcopal Deaconess Harriet M. Bedell. **William** and **Ellen Hartley** tell this remarkable woman's story in *A Woman Set Apart* (Dodd, Mead, $3.95).

The authors first met Miss Bedell in the Florida Everglades. Amazed at finding a woman past 80 in the deep swamps, they learned that she had gone to Florida to work with the Seminoles at an age most people are thinking comfortably of retirement. Before that, she had already spent years of service as a missionary to the Cheyenne in northern Oklahoma and to Alaskan Indians in a village 100 miles from the Arctic Circle.

She has lived and worked in blinding heat, has rolled out her sleeping bag when it was 60 below zero, and has waded through snake and alligator-infested waters to reach her people.

The Hartleys give us an inspiring picture of this 80-year-old deaconess as a Christian and as a woman of faith and unfailing courage.

One of the questions I am most frequently asked is: "How do you find the time to do so much reading?" Sometimes I wonder myself.

However, like most inveterate readers, I carry books with me. It is surprising how much reading you can get done waiting for a doctor's appointment, in the car while your wife has run into the supermarket to pick up a few things, or in other odd moments and odd places. If you travel to work by public transportation, you're lucky, for this offers ideal reading time unless you're hanging onto a strap with one hand and balancing an armload of packages with the other.

An ideal little book for pocket or purse is *A Pocket Book of Methodist Beliefs* (50¢), published by Methodist Evangelistic Materials. **Lowell B. Hazzard**, professor at Wesley Theological Seminary, has chosen nuggets and gems of thought that follow man's path from sin to belief in Christ and living the committed Christian life. There is a special emphasis on Methodist beliefs and their biblical and Wesleyan background.

You can read it a little at a time, or much at a time, and it will make an inspiring and stimulating companion wherever you go.

Most 20th-century writers who create imaginary societies have lost their utopian dreams. More and more of their make-believe worlds are nightmares.

This decline of utopia and rise of "dystopia," or "inverted utopia," is parallel to the history of "this surrealist century, which is at once the partial fulfilment of the 19th-century dreams and their negation," says English professor **Chad Walsh** in *From Utopia*

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Abingdon Press

The Book Publishing Division
of The Methodist Publishing House

to Nightmare (Harper & Row, $4).

Prof. Walsh examines 19th and 20th-century writers' imaginary societies and sees the dystopian writers as latter-day prophets, proclaiming judgment upon mankind if it takes wrong turnings. But, he says, utopian writers, too, fulfill their prophetic purpose, summoning men to good dreams and the attempt to do something about them:

"If the utopian is too busy to read the footnotes supplied by the dystopian, that becomes the sober talk of you and me. . . . Let us read the footnotes well, read, mark, and inwardly digest. But then we look again at utopia. We shall have no peace until we incarnate as much of it as we can in brick, stone, laws, customs, and even the free motions of the unplanned heart."

God of the Warming Heart

Inspired by a Visit to
John Wesley's Grave

God of the warming heart,
Pour down thy fires on me,
And set my heart and soul apart;
My tongue a clarion be!

On moor and land, and o'er the sea,
Wherever I may wend;
And ever as thy battles join,
Lord, let me there contend.

Armed thus with zeal and eager heart,
And words that boast of Thee;
Lord, wake my heart with tongues of fire;
A flaming brand set free!

—Ervin Charles Tipton

The Shakespeare Recording Society is busy recording everything the Bard ever wrote, with some of the theater's top stars in major roles. The albums, bearing the Caedmon label, are being released through a book publishing firm, Houghton Mifflin Company, and you will probably find them in your bookstore. The price varies according to the length of the plays. Sets requiring two lp records are $11.90, sets with three lp records are $17.85.

If you prefer a kind of Shakespeare anthology, you will find an evocative presentation of the life and work of the great Elizabethan playwright in the album ***Shakespeare: Soul of an Age*** ($6.95), an original-cast recording of a television special broadcast last November. —Barnabas

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Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

WHEN I stopped at the barber shop the other day, I found only one magazine published within the last six months—a copy of *Esquire.* I had time to glance hurriedly through only one article.

It contained the magazine's unique annual nominations for outstanding men in certain categories. I remember, for example, that they had nominated as "Farmer of the Year" Billy Sol Estes. And under the heading of "White Man of the Year" they offered the name of Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi. I got to thinking about this and decided that it was a good idea to point out not only the best in our society but also the most notorious and the worst.

Following that lead, therefore, I want to nominate what I believe must be the worst novel of this year. It is GEORGIE WINTHROP by Sloan Wilson and published by Harper & Row ($4.95), which, in my judgment, is a pity. I cannot see how any man can write a worse book and have it published by any reputable publisher. Let me tell you just a little bit about it.

It has to do with the 45-year-old vice-president and public relations man of a small college. The fellow is married and has two very nice teen-age children, a boy and a girl. He invites to the drama faculty an old friend who is now a broken-down playwright and an alcoholic. The old friend has a daughter who comes from Paris. She is 17, precocious, attractive, and exciting.

The story is that of the 45-year-old man falling in love with this 17-year-old girl, who takes the initiative in arranging a brief and sordid affair. The whole thing is supposed to indicate that the man has never grown up so far as his love life is concerned, and his falling into the pit is supposed to have made him mature at last!

Thus a novelist uses a plot which is only slightly above *Lolita* trying to make readers believe that the way to grow up is to be seduced by a juvenile. It is typical of certain persons' willingness to blame every moral defection on mental illness or emotional instability. In short: Rejoice, O generation without dignity, for nobody is to blame for anything!

After skimming through this atrocity, I tried to think of one word which would adequately sum up my reaction. I could think of nothing except that gutter expression "lousy." That a man would write such trash today is the best evidence that our society has deteriorated very near to a point of no return.

What kind of society is it that produces a writer willing to dedicate his talents to such cheap triviality? What induces a man to treat seriously a situation only one step above child molestation? If there are such men as the hero of this so-called novel, his story should be only a case study in abnormal psychology.

I am concerned even more that a reputable publishing house like Harper & Row adds this book to its list. I must confess a great sense of disappointment in this case. It has been a source of personal pride to me to have Harper & Row publish most of my own poor efforts. In the religious department, I have discovered high standards which are not compromised. When Harpers publishes a book, its authors feel they belong to a goodly company and its readers assume standards of good taste. I have never known finer Christian men than those in charge of Harper & Row's religious department.

What has happened to the fiction department?

It may be replied that no publisher takes personal responsibility for every book he agrees to print. Quite so. But there is a level below which no publishing house should sink, and it is impossible for any publishing house to escape responsibility for its choice of what it will produce. We live in a time when business firms often deny any moral responsibility for what they do or the manner in which it is done. They may deny until the end of time, but they will never be able to escape responsibility by simply denying it. When we make a choice of doing anything, we thereby accept moral responsibility for the action.

I have from time to time spoken harsh words against certain Hollywood producers for the kind of pictures they turn loose upon us and the world. I have spoken the best words I could find when I saw a picture which seemed to me to be worthy. I do not see that book publishers ought to be in any special category. I have read some great novels published by Harper & Row, one of the outstanding publishing houses in America, but I cannot let this *Georgie Winthrop* garbage appear without uttering my deeply felt disappointment.

I hasten to add that just the fact that a book has some sex in it has never stopped me from recommending it, even when some of my brethren disagree with me. I do not believe in censorship of any kind, and I am not asking for novels which portray only a pale, artificial, and sinless world. But this one is even degrading to sin.

Just to even it up a little, I will mention one other novel this month. It, too, is published by Harper & Row ($4.95), and it is one I can recommend very highly.

The title is SEVEN DAYS IN MAY and the authors are Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, II.

This is a good yarn about an attempt by a military leader to take over the government in Washington and destroy our democracy. It is a kind of whodunit on a high level, and it has the touch of realism. Only the suspicious mind of a marine colonel saves the situation, and even then it is touch and go. There is a kind of "Advise and Consent" familiarity with the President and certain cabinet members which gives a fellow the feeling of being right at the center of what is happening.

I do not know of a stronger case for the continuance of our tradition that policy is to be decided by civilians and not by generals or admirals. I suppose it means something that even our mystery yarns have to have national and international implications.

There was once a time when it was thought quite significant that a shot fired at Concord could be heard all around the world. Today, however, a statesman can hardly clear his throat without the noise being heard in the farthest places. And on that exciting and somewhat frightening note, I bid you adieu.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

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Letters

It's Nice to Start With 'Action'

MRS. J. D. BRAGG
Kansas City, Mo.

The Church in Action on the first pages gives the reader immediately a desirable, up-to-the-minute news outlook on many important events within the Christian movement.

If you aren't quite sure what Mrs. Bragg refers to, turn to page 3.—EDS.

Wesley's Ideas Are Pertinent

RICHARD C. BUTLER, JR.
Little Rock, Ark.

Kudos for your graphic presentation, *John Wesley Completes a Decision* [February, page 26], showing the steps he was made to take to provide early America with ordained ministers. Bishop F. Gerald Ensley's *It Has the Seal of God's Approval* especially should be studied, along with the Wesley letter and Dean William R. Cannon's inspired article, *John Wesley: He Laid Methodism's Cornerstone* [page 30]. These answer the questions of anyone who ever has doubted the apostolic authority of American Methodism.

Thanks, Mr. Parish

LEONARD PARISH, *Minister*
Laclede, Mo.

In *John Wesley: He Laid Methodism's Cornerstone* [February, page 30], John Wesley is quoted as having used the words, "I deserve a league offensive and defensive . . ."

I have not seen a record that he so expressed himself, but Mr. Wesley did write, "I desire a league offensive and defensive" on June 22, 1765, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Venn, then vicar of Huddersfield (Yorkshire), my home town where I began to preach in 1912.

Your eyes are sharp, Mr. Parish. The error slipped by author, editor, and proofreader. We blame the office gremlin, whom we neither desire nor deserve. —EDS.

A Message From a Moravian

FREDERICK P. HEGE, *Deacon*
Fries Memorial Moravian Church
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Congratulations on *Thanks to the Moravians* [January, page 30], *Our Moravian Cousins* [page 32], and the beautiful *Early American Paintings of the Life of Christ* [page 35]. Never have I seen a better Christian publication than TOGETHER.

As a Moravian, nothing could give me greater pleasure than the knowledge that our Savior found use for us in some small way in speaking to that mighty man of God [John Wesley] whose name your church thankfully bears. Our household of faith will ever bear a great love and admiration for yours. I pray that from the "hearts strangely warmed" by his spirit this year, there may come forth young men and women to labor in the harvest in the vigor of the one you remember.

Rouault & Dali: Fallout Forecast

NORMAN L. TROTT, *President*
Wesley Theological Seminary
Washington, D.C.

The Dali picture comes up beautifully in your reproduction in the April issue [see page 37]. Rouault and Dali really

Dali: Portends a wave of comment.

command attention and will produce a wave of comment. Your contrasting use of Renaissance and contemporary artists is very dramatic.

P.S.—I hope you have a bomb shelter handy!

Russian People Want Peace

GREGORY I. YASINITSKY, *Pastor*
Half Moon Bay, Calif.

I visited the USSR with a group of Methodist ministers two weeks before Bishop Richard C. Raines' ecumenical group [see *Russia in Paradox*, January, page 14]. I agree with most of his observations, but am saddened by his statement:

"As a nation, we must keep militarily strong enough to convince Russia we cannot be defeated without the Soviet Union being mortally wounded."

From what I learned in my travel through the Soviet Union, people there can be won with an extended hand of friendship and the testimony of Christian love rather than by regarding them and ourselves as enemies. Only about 5 percent of Russians are members of the Party, and most want better relations with the West and peace.

Warm Hearts in Moscow

L. T. HATHAWAY, JR., *Director*
Wesley Foundation
Moscow, Idaho

Inspired by the Aldersgate Year plans announced in the January issue [*The Church in Action*, page 3], members of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Idaho decided our campus mission could be accomplished by a warm relationship. In the John Wesley tradition, we extend our hands to others, with our motto, "Fellowship of the Warm Heart."

ジョン・ウェスレー

JAPAN WESLEY SOCIETY
Yoshio Noro, Japanese Secretary
304 Berry Hall, Aoyama Gakuin Univ.
Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, Japan

We are pleased that John Wesley is receiving so much attention in this year commemorating the 225th anniversary of his heartwarming experience at Aldersgate. Dr. William R. Cannon is well equipped to write on the theology of the founder of Methodism [see *John Wesley: He Laid Methodism's Cornerstone*, February, page 30].

Our John Wesley Society is dedicated to making Wesley better known in Japan. Translations of his works into 10 500-page volumes are under way. Two have already been published. The *Wesley Journal* is published twice a year—in Japanese, of course.

We welcome gifts of books on Wesley and Methodism for our library—and offer honorary membership certificates to persons or churches whose amount of support to the society is $25 or more.

And Advance Special credit is given for gifts made to the Japan Wesley Society. For further information, write to Dr. Ashton A. Almand, 15th floor, 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27.—EDS.

Deaconesses' Origin Clearer

MRS. C. B. GALATAS
Marshall, Mo.

As a former deaconess, and now a minister's wife, I thank you for the two color pictorial features on deaconesses in the February issue.

The history of the origin of the deaconess movement had been vague to me. I remembered that it had originated

in Germany, but the details were fresh and interesting as I read them in *First in a Sisterhood of Mercy.*

Thank you for holding up to our Methodist constituency the calling of the deaconess, *75 years of Shining Service* [page 35]. My experience in deaconess work was filled with joy, with a storybook adventure and spiritual enrichment. I heartily recommend it as a calling for young women, and hope these two feature articles will bear much fruit.

They Come From National, Too!

GAIL W. HINES, *Pastor*
Albion, Ill.

National College (formerly the National Deaconess Training School) in Kansas City, Mo., has been training deaconesses for many, many years. I was disappointed that it was omitted from your excellent article.

Our space did not allow us to list the seminaries and other schools for training deaconesses; thus we neglected to mention National College (under auspices of the Woman's Division, Board of Missions.) Scarritt College prepares about 65 percent of the deaconesses, so was singled out.—EDS.

Taboo Bare Skin?

HARRY BOWMAN
Fort Lupton, Colo.

I enjoyed the February issue of TOGETHER and liked the deaconess story. But what do you think Christ would say about the picture of the youth group on page 1? Those young people look friendly, but it is a shame they do not dress modestly. The sight or touch of bare skin brings temptations.

It's a Prayer Circle

MRS. THOMAS VAN DAHM
Edwardsville, Ill.

I am sure that the little boys in pajamas, hands entwined, heads bowed, and eyes closed [February, page 38] would be surprised to learn that they are playing ring-around-a-rosy.

A notation that came with the picture led us astray. Thank you.—EDS.

A Bow to Sister Susan

MRS. JOHANNA GNAUCK
Milwaukee, Wis.

The February issue, from cover to cover, will remain unsurpassed in print. Sister Susan Kreutziger [page 42] gave our family its first welcome to America just a few hours after we arrived in Milwaukee, December 23, 1902. Through her, we learned American ideals of religious freedom and became Methodists. She and other deaconesses helped my parents learn English and assisted our family in many ways

A most enlightening translation: Dr Gentry A. Shelton, Knite College of the Bible, Texas Christian University / **Valuable aid in exegetical study:** Professor Reuben E. Omark, Bethel College and Seminary / **Fresh and inspiring:** Dr John R. Kapp, Iowa Wesleyan College. **Truly worth waiting 350 years to have this Bible:** Professor David Wazd, Navazzo College **It is a gift to this generation:** Professor Thomas Harrison, Southeastern Assemblies of God College / **'Wonderful,' said a student. 'Now, I can understand the Bible.':** Professor W. V. Myres, Decatur Baptist College / **Another milestone in Bible translation:** Professor Robert Woodburn, Shelton College / **Number one:** Professor Douglas Jackson, School of Theology, S. M. U. / **A fresh experience to read the eternal gospel in forthright modern English;** Reverend Professor J. [illegible] **idation is superfluous:** Professor William Ca [illegible] **for understanding God's Word:** Professor Harold [illegible] **nary / My favorite for N. T. study, both for personal de** [illegible] **ofessor K. E. Christopherson,** Pacific Lutheran Univers [illegible] Barrett, Olivet Nazarene College / **Recommend it:** [illegible] **itral Wesleyan College** **A masterful work which t** [illegible] **x Gray Rogers, Southeastern** Baptist Theological Semin [illegible] **istic endorsement:** Dr Guy Funderburk, Salem Coll [illegible] Professor Russell Auman, Hamma Divinity Scho [illegible] **unparalleled:** Professor Ralph Lightsex, Mount Olive Colle [illegible] **hose who cannot read the original Greek:** Professo [illegible] **essee / Will open new frontiers of meaning a** [illegible] **n State College** **Students and lay people are** [illegible] **isight than I have experienced in four deca** [illegible] **elconian,** McCormick Theological Seminary / **The translation makes many passa** [illegible] **to life:** Professor F. Baker, Duke University / **A sharp and dynamic translation, the worth of which is inestimable:** Professor Charles McRae, Hampden-Sydney College / **Stirs one's spiritual imagination:** Kenneth Estey, Keuka College / **Happy rendering of old and treasured truth:** Professor John Steely, Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary / **Tyndale's hope of a truly dynamic translation has come very close to reality in this work:** Professor Arthur Core, United Theological Seminary

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Please be patient if your entry is missing. Just keep watching; we won't forget. But . . . if you haven't yet sent us your name, and would like to, just write to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. One hobby to each letter, please!*—EDS.

through those difficult early years.

German Methodist deaconesses in America achieved tremendous success with immigrants before World War I. They nursed the sick, taught church school, carried on social work, and worked as missionaries. They helped me to a better understanding of the American way of life.

More and More Homework

MRS. MARY R. JACKSON
Fairfield, Conn.

A lot of rebellion against homework is parent inspired [see *Is Homework Overdone?* February, page 16]. It is a challenge to a student, an opportunity to achieve on his own what is not possible in a classroom. Homework has not been given enough credit for preparing for adult life. It does not end with graduation, but can continue throughout life.

Regardless of what your children become, they will spend some time on paper work—making out tax returns, balancing checkbooks, preparing the tools of a trade. A firm may ask an employee to take special courses, attend institutes, submit reports. An employee cannot do all this in regular working hours.

Housewives and mothers, too, spend much time on homework—reading Dr. Spock, cookbooks, books on decorating, patterns, or keeping a budget. And interests outside the home require special study.

The class sessions are not long enough for teachers to impart to pupils all the knowledge that is necessary. Today, job opportunities are closely correlated with educational achievement. The high-school passport that opens many doors is costlier to acquire when a pupil closes the school doors behind him.

Fault Is With the Parents

S. E. EMRICH, *Minister*
Buchanan, Va.

Most good teachers find it necessary to assign homework to train a pupil to accomplish things on his own. Oren Arnold's point about infringing on children's time is not well taken. He will find huge blocks of their time unaccounted for, and that usually they waste time in the study periods—five hours a week. Teachers are forbidden to make pupils do anything. Mr. Arnold's difficulty is that he cannot shift the blocks of time for his own convenience.

If Mr. Arnold and his friends ever "slave" over a child's homework, there is something wrong with them, not with the school or the children. Too many parents are doing everything for the kids instead of helping the children learn how to do things for themselves. The assignments are given to the pupils, not the parents. The latter should offer occasional guidance (when sought); no

more. Let Buddy make a few mistakes. If he knew it all, he would not need to go to school.

New Outreach for 'Meals'

DONALD F. EBRIGHT, *Dir. Ex. Soc.*
Meals for Millions
215 West Seventh St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Herman B. Teeter's *The 3-Cent Meal* [February, page 25] certainly will further the outreach of the Meals for Millions program. Within days of its appearance, we had a rise in mail requesting literature and share-bank stickers.

Why Should We Merge?

MRS. ELEANOR L. STIEVE
Point Pleasant, N.J.

Why should The Methodist Church merge with any other denomination? For Methodism ever to change its name would be to turn our backs on John Wesley and the dedicated men who made our church what it is. Methodism

JOHN WESLEY

Always the Inquiring Mind

A BIT of John Wesleyana—apparently hitherto unknown to his biographers—turns up in a letter from Dr. Harry C. Trimble, special consultant to the dean of Harvard medical school. It's data in the following excerpt from an article on Dr. Samuel Ribiero Nunez, Georgia's First Physician, *by Dr. Alfred A. Weinstein, in the summer, 1961, issue of the* Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin.

Wesley's logical mind was attracted to science, both as a student and teacher at Oxford. He was writing about Ben Franklin's experiments with electricity in America before they were noted by British scientific societies. His electrical machine to treat diseases is on exhibit (right) in his old home beside his chapel at 49 City Road, London.

Medicine fascinated Wesley. Preparing for his two years of missionary service in Georgia, he gave himself a "cram course." Later he was to write his best-selling home-medicine book, Primitive Physick.

But his Georgia medical work had been forgotten till Dr. Weinstein researched his article. A thank-you to you, Dr. Trimble, for enabling us to share the following with TOGETHER *readers!*—EDS.

TWO years later (1735) Dr. Nunez met John Wesley, who arrived in Savannah with a commission from the trustees appointing him to the office of "priest of the Church of England" to the Savannah mission. Wesley courted the society of this Sephardic Jew, but had no illusions about the ease with which he could be converted to Christianity . . . He exhibited a great interest in Dr. Nunez' medical practice, and discussed with him the conduct and care of his patients. Said John Wesley, the Methodist, "I began learning Spanish in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners, some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ than many of those who call him Lord."

Before Wesley had left England for his priestly mission in Georgia in 1735, he had made "anatomy and physics the diversion of his leisure hours." In Georgia, he met John Regnier, who was a male nurse among the Moravians, and assisted Regnier with the first autopsy in Georgia. The two men listed the causes of death as "a hematoma of the abdominal wall, *among other things*"! It was in Georgia that John Wesley became an active practitioner of bodily, as well as spiritual, healing among his parishioners, and on his return to England, he organized the first free clinic "for the ill and the ailing."

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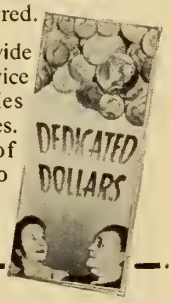

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National Library Week
April 21-27, 1963

should again proclaim the message of salvation that Wesley did. My father was converted from Catholicism because he heard that message in a Sunday-afternoon Bible class.

Family Hymn Available

TOGETHER's Charles Wesley Award hymn, *Prayer for Families*, now is available as sheet music in a size permitting insertion in church bulletins or programs during National Family Life Week, May 5-12. It also could be affixed to the back of a songbook or hymnal.

The hymn, with words by Lois Stanley and music by Archie M. Boothe, Jr., had its first public performance during the National Methodist Conference on Family Life in Chicago last October.

Quantities of 100 or more can be ordered from Cokesbury Book Stores or Service Centers. The price per 100 is $2.50, and the stock number is APM-323.

Getting *Together* in Ireland

ALLAN L. NESBITT, *Minister*
Belfast, Northern Ireland

Back copies of TOGETHER which I have found in Northern Ireland are well worn from having been passed from family to family. The few Methodist ministers here who receive it are enthusiastic.

TOGETHER's insight into American Methodism helps correct some Irish misconceptions about Methodism in the States. The Methodist Church in Ireland is older and much more in the original Wesleyan tradition than American Methodism. Differences are quite pronounced.

Mr. Nesbitt who is studying for a year in Northern Ireland, previously was associate pastor of Grant Avenue Methodist Church, Denver.—EDS.

Welcomed on Aldersgate Street

ARTHUR J. A. TRENCH, *Mgr.*
Barclays Bank Limited
28 Aldersgate Street
London, E.C.1, England

Thank you for the January TOGETHER which you so kindly sent me. This has been studied with interest by my staff and myself at the branch and I have now sent it to my head office where, I am sure, it will also be appreciated.

Readers will remember it was the January cover that pictured the plaque on the Aldersgate Street Branch of Barclays Bank. Here, it is believed, is the site of John Wesley's Aldersgate "heart-

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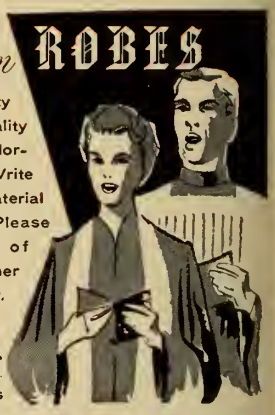

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warming" experience, May 24, 1738—just 225 years ago.—EDS.

The Pastor's What Counts

DONALD L. HARTMAN
Associate Pastor
Emory Methodist Church
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters discussing formalism in worship [January, page 63] point up that the problem is not in the type or amount of ritual but stems from lack of zeal in the man behind the pulpit. It matters not whether he is in the center of the chancel, on the right or left, or even dangling from the ceiling; whether he wears a robe or a normal suit. The important thing is that he has a vital message—pertinent and redemption-centered. Formalism in the church is not the culprit, but the minister's spiritual apathy is.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Planning a Vacation Trip? *A few preliminary preparations are in order. Check the camera and the flashgun, clean the lens, and test some of the new films before departure.*

If you're a 35-mm user, you'll find an old favorite in a new emulsion: Kodachrome X with a speed of 64 ASA. For you picture-in-a-minute fans, Polaroid has begun marketing its long-awaited color film—but you'll have to add special equipment (available at your camera shop) to its precolor cameras.

TOGETHER *will help your planning, if you are Europe bound, with an eight-page, illustrated map (in color) of Methodist points of interest in England and on the Continent. Look for it in the June issue.*

After you have made your plans, tested film and camera, and are ready to go, consider this added suggestion: On arrival at your destination, sign up for one of the local tours. Take along your camera and snap what shots you can without interference, then go back when you have more time and photograph the other important spots, composing each picture as an artist would.

Adequate preparation and careful composition mean better pictures for next winter's showings.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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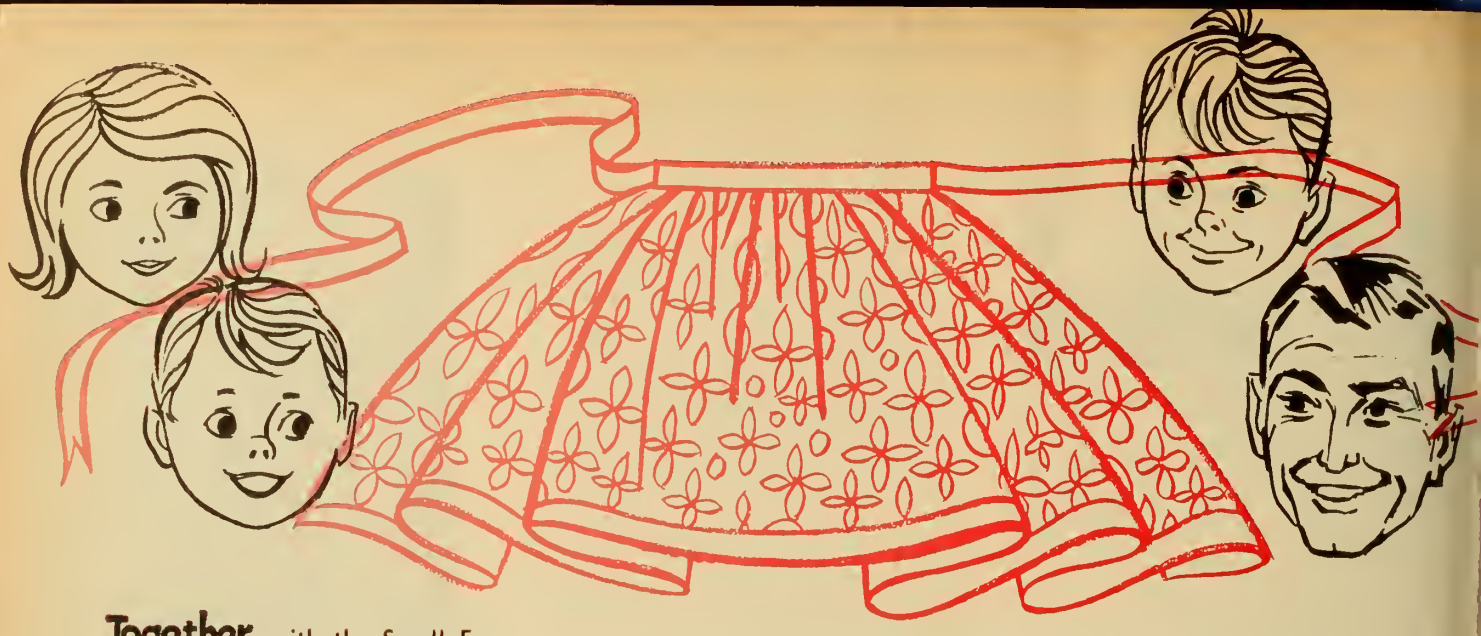


An Apron for Mother

THE Foster family was just finishing dinner. Mrs. Foster was bringing in the dessert. Just as she set the bowl of pudding on the table, there was a loud r-r-r-rip-p.

Mrs. Foster looked down. Her apron had caught on a corner of the table, and there was a big jagged tear in it.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "The last of my aprons! They must be making them of old newspapers. They just fall apart."

She sat down and began serving the rice pudding.

Freddie Foster smiled to himself. Now he knew what to get his mother for Mother's Day.

Frances Foster smiled to herself. Now she knew what to get her mother for Mother's Day.

The youngest Foster, Georgie, smiled to himself. Now he knew what to get his mother for Mother's Day.

And Mr. Foster smiled to himself, too. Now *he* knew what to get his wife for Mother's Day.

After dinner, Freddie went to his room. He opened his treasure box. Among the nails, bolts, strings, and marbles was enough change to buy his mother a fancy apron.

Frances Foster went up to her room. She opened the top dresser drawer and took out the shell box, where she saved her money. She counted it. Why, she could buy *three* aprons with that much money!

Little Georgie went into the living room. He reached into the bookcase and took out the tin box in which he collected pennies. He counted them. Then he nodded. He could buy a very strong apron for his mother with all those pennies.

Next morning, right after breakfast, they all quietly left the house, one by one.

Mrs. Foster was washing dishes with a towel instead of an apron tied around her waist. She looked cross.

"You'd think they could have stayed around long enough to help me," she said to the dishes in the sink. "At least one of them could have.

"It's a good thing they get hungry, or I wouldn't see them all day long."

The next morning, Sunday, just as she was clearing off the last of the dishes and piling them into the sink, Mr. Foster came into the kitchen.

"Come here a minute, will you, dear?" he said. Mrs. Foster unfastened the towel from around her waist and went into the living room.

There on the table was a pile of beautifully wrapped boxes. The whole family stood around, smiling.

"Happy Mother's Day!" they shouted together.

"Please open *my* present first," cried Georgie. "It's the one with the pink paper on it."

Mrs. Foster opened the package. In it was a little pink apron.

"Just what I really needed!" said Mrs. Foster, giving Georgie a hug and a kiss. She tied on the apron at once.

Then she opened Freddie's present. In the box were two pretty aprons, one red checked and one blue checked.

"Just what I really needed!" said Mrs. Foster, giving Freddie a hug and a kiss.

Then she opened Frances' present. There were three more aprons, one yellow, one blue, and one green!

"Just what I really needed," said Mrs. Foster, and then she gave Frances a big hug and a big kiss.

A Grace for Today

Bless and keep us, Lord, we pray,
So we may serve thee more each day.

—G. D. Davis

"But I didn't know they were giving you aprons, too," Frances said.

"Oh, I love them!" said Mrs. Foster, opening the last and biggest box.

It was from Mr. Foster. Inside were *six* aprons, in all colors and styles!

Mrs. Foster laughed.

"Well, now," she said, "it will take me years to wear these out!"

"I'll help you wear them out," said Frances. She picked out an apron, tied it around her, and marched into the kitchen. Soon, the sound of running water reached them.

"Well, I can help you wear them out, too," said Freddie, laughing. He tied a pink apron around himself and ran into the kitchen.

"Me, too," said Georgie. "I'll help them wear out," and he chose a red-checked apron, wrapped it around himself, and ran into the kitchen.

"Well, that leaves me," said Mr. Foster, laughing. And he picked out a blue apron and went into the kitchen, too. A loud sound of splashing and laughing and dishes rattling came through to the living room.

Mrs. Foster put on a green-checked apron and went into the kitchen.

"It's lonely in there," she told her family. She took a dish towel and began drying dishes along with Mr. Foster.

"Not today," Mr. Foster said. "You just sit there and watch your family wear out your aprons for you."

Mrs. Foster sat down at the kitchen table.

"Aprons do wear out fast," she said. "Be careful of them, please."

"We're planning to do the dinner dishes, too," said Frances.

"And don't worry about the aprons, Mom," said Freddie. "You're having another Mother's Day next year, you know."

Mrs. Foster looked at her family, all wearing aprons and doing dishes together.

"No Mother's Day could be better than this one," she said, "not even if I get a hundred aprons next year!"

—Gina Bell-Zano

A Button Corsage for Mother

Here is a pretty button corsage you can make. You will need green yarn for stems, green felt for leaves, 12 pretty buttons, ribbon for a bow, a medium-sized safety pin, and a needle.

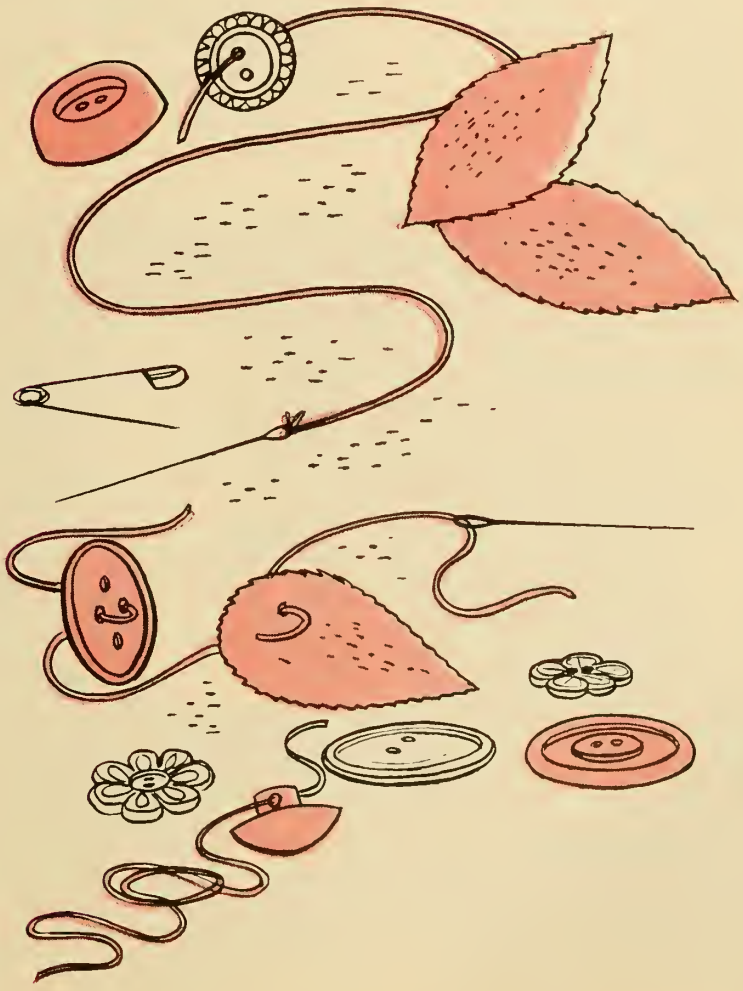
Cut leaves from the felt. Cut the yarn into several seven-inch, six-inch, and five-inch pieces. Slip a piece of yarn through holes of each button, looping the yarn on the front of button. Make the ends of the yarn even, then tie a knot on the back of each button "flower."

Thread the needle with the ends of the yarn and pass it through a leaf or two for each button flower, smoothing them as you go.

Arrange buttons to hang at different lengths. Tie in a bunch with the ribbon bow. Now sew the safety pin on the back of the ribbon bow, so the pin can be used to fasten the corsage on your mother's dress.

She will love it!

—Velma E. Zimmerman



Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

IN THIS ISSUE

1 **It Happened One Night 225 Years Ago in London** *(Color Pictorial)*

11 **The Holy Spirit Has a Way** *Roy L. Smith*

12 **New Dimensions for America** *Arnold Toynbee*

16 **Where Love Is, There God is Also** *Leo Tolstoy*

19 **Learning to Pray** *Faith Baldwin*

20 **The Complex Art of Knowing the Moment** *Arthur Gordon*

22 **These Words Warmed Wesley's Heart at Aldersgate**

23 **What Aldersgate Means to Me** *Harry Denman*

25 **Methodism's Global Evangelist** *Louise Davis*

28 **Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?** *(Powwow)* *Mrs. Porter Brown, Ben F. Lehmberg*

29 **The Marks of a Methodist**

32 **John Wesley—A Man to Know** *(People Called Methodists)* *Milburn P. Akers*

33 **John Wesley and the Tax Collector** *Herman B. Teeter*

35 **The Way of the Warmed Heart** *(Color Pictorial)*

47 **Francis Asbury: A Methodist St. Francis** *Bishop Nolan B. Harmon*

49 **'Asbury—The Very Human Being'** *Herman B. Teeter*

50 **Ohio Takes a Cue From the Circuit Rider** *(Pictorial)*

57 **Christian Living's Too Hard** *Kathleen Bruce*

58 **Refutation** *Jill Crawford*

59 **Aldersgate Family Devotional** *J. Manning Potts*

61 **Praying at Midnight** *Philip E. Weeks*

64 **Recent Books on Wesley**

68 **God of the Warming Heart** *Ervin Charles Tipton*

73 **John Wesley—Always the Inquiring Mind**

79 **Wesley in Fired Clay** *(Color Pictorial)*

FEATURES/DEPARTMENTS

Page 3 **Church in Action** / 54 **Teens Together** / 55 **Your Faith and Your Church** / 56 **The Wicked Flea** / 60 **Light Unto My Path** / 62 **Looks at New Books** / 69 **Browsing in Fiction** / 70 **Letters** / 72 **Name Your Hobby** / 75 **Camera Clique, Photo Credits** / 76 **Small Fry.**

After-Hour Jottings

On a clear, frosty night nearly 40 years ago, when the sky over our little town was ablaze with stars, this man gave a small boy his first look through a telescope. He talked to us about Jupiter's racing moons, Saturn's glittering rings, and mighty galaxies adrift in space. Then he told us about his God who is one with the incomprehensible vastness of the universe.

A friendly, scholarly man, he introduced us to good books, and he took us on picture journeys to the Holy Land. From him we heard for the first time about such men as **John Wesley** and **Francis Asbury**, and what their having lived meant to those of us who went to the white-frame church to hear him preach. For he was a Methodist preacher, not a scientist or a professor.

As we said, that was nearly 40 years ago. You must remember this. You must understand, too, what this man —who was little more than a wayfaring stranger in our town—could mean to a small boy. Then you will realize our emotions yesterday when we accidentally ran across a picture (left) and a biography of the late **Charles Franklin** in the *Centennial Volume of Missouri Methodism (1806-1906)*. We had not known, until now, that he had been a preacher in Missouri, for we knew him in another state. About all we knew was that he once took the time to help a boy find his way among the stars, and that boy would never forget.

It occurred to us, then, that there are generations of men, long dead, who brought immeasurable good into the world, as did Charles Franklin, and their passing has not separated them from the present. The present in our lives is the result of the past, of course. Aldersgate Year 1963 and worldwide Methodism cannot be separated from an event in London 225 years ago; and this month's color section (12 pages instead of 8) is the result of all three, not to mention months of painstaking research and careful checking with authorities on Methodist history. (The good-humored man at right, **Frederick A. Norwood** of Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill., has been a behind-the-scenes consultant on many TOGETHER features, including the *Methodist Europa Map* scheduled next month.) There were talented artists, too. Some who contributed paintings to *The Way of the Warmed Heart* ordinarily turn out sleek 20th-century advertising. One was **Bob Addison**, whose remarkable Asbury painting is on page 46.

"When wrapped up in a world of commercial art work like one must do today, a religious commission has special appeal," Mr. Addison's boss writes. "The artist has license to break away from the hard and cold rules of commercial justification and allows himself to paint with more emotion and feeling toward . . . a single, solid, and most tranquil man like Asbury."

So the makers of good religious art do not all belong to the dim past. No ancient masterpiece, for example, is **this month's cover**, a stained-glass window installed last year at the Ansonia, Conn., church by Whittemore Associates, Inc., of Boston, Mass. **Carroll Whittemore**, president, tells us that he secured a print of Wesley preaching in the marketplace when he visited Wesley Chapel in London three years ago. A TOGETHER cover of unusual significance and beauty is one result of Mr. Whittemore's forethought.

—YOUR EDITORS.

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Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

WESLEY in FIRED CLAY

THE CLASS in Methodist history will please be seated . . .

Students, what is the first event associated with John Wesley, Methodism's founder, to become a traditional Methodist celebration?

The Holy Club—the original so-called Methodists—founded at Oxford University in 1729.

Good try! But the date's wobbly—so it has never been on our church commemorative calendars.

Well, then, New Year's Eve Watch Nights. Wesley started them as singing and praying services for the sooty and debauched coal miners at Kingswood, England, in 1741. Remember?

Yes, Methodists still have Watch Nights —and you're close to the right answer. Here's a clue: heart-warming—

With that lead, who could miss! It's John Wesley's experience at Aldersgate Street, London, May 24, 1738! What many experts do not know is that celebrating Aldersgate is an old, old Methodist custom.

In 1838 came the centennial. It was observed with a year long fete to link it with founding of Methodism's first "preaching house" at Bristol, May 12, 1739. (The New Room, still so-called, is a must for Methodist pilgrims.) English Methodism's centennial was remarkable for benevolent giving—$1,080,000 in Britain alone!

Hobbyists remember it because of commemorative products of the potters. Men who turn England's fine clays into Wedgwood and Staffordshire had long been making decorative busts of Wesley. In 1838-39, they went all out—with statuettes, plates, tea services, pepper pots, and mugs. These occasionally turn up even in American antique shops. The

Here at Lake Junaluska, N.C., historians Albea Godbold (left) and Elmer T. Clark sample America's best Wesley pottery exhibit.

More treasures! Enoch Wood, most famous of Wesley bust-makers, achieved remarkable likenesses of Methodism's founder.

Evidence of England's prolific potters, circa 1838-39, the centennial of Aldersgate and Britain's first Methodist chapel.

larger busts may bring $25 to $100, even more. But collectors can obtain modern copies of various items, including teapots, through Cokesbury Book Stores.*

The 1938 bicentennial evoked many meetings, especially in the USA. Addresses delivered at Savannah, Ga., were edited by Elmer T. Clark in a now rare book, *What Happened at Aldersgate*. But the event inspired a few other souvenirs for collectors.

It may be s with the quarto-bi centennial. Bu here's a tip: Already this year, printing presses have im printed more paper with Aldersgate themed words than they did in th 225 years since John Wesley wen "very unwillingly" to a meeting on night in London!

**Also various reference books on pottery Excellent and recent is Arthur D. Cum mings' A Portrait in Pottery (London Epworth Press $1). It's about Wesley busts*

More of the treasures at World Methodist Building, Lake Junaluska, N.C. These girls ar showing off pottery such as a great-great-grandmother might have used when the preacher called

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New York Area

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Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR
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VOLUME 7, NUMBER 5 MAY, 1963

In Memoriam

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam
March 12, 1963

How do words adequately describe the majesty of a mountain range? How do we catch and share the wonder of a red-wood which lifts its crest about its neighbors and traces the sky?

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam was a man of such majesty and wide-sweeping proportions. His was a monumental mind possessing a sure touch for the primary facts, disciplined in their employment and piquant with imaginative creativity.

His was a questing spirit, resolutely refusing to accept the traditional unless its countersign of truth had proved its validity and contemporary worth—doggedly seeking the better way toward wider justice and more blessed living after the manner of his Christ.

His was the breadth of the world Christian, loyal to his denomination but understanding it as a member of a world fellowship, a member of the household of faith as generously proportioned as the world-wide love of God in Christ.

His was the incorrigible courage of the crusade—no man could doubt that courage. Most men admired and celebrated it although they could not emulate it.

Upon so many occasions his courage in action provided the definitive watershed. How great is our national debt to this man who singly challenged that growing aberration called McCarthyism! He not only alerted men to its danger but enlightened them as to the way of its defeat.

Who can adequately measure the meaning of the man for the middle third of this twentieth century? Only the passing years will help write the just and complete record.

He possessed another dimension seldom shared but as ingrained as his love of life. One such personal item is of interest and so revealing. The Cabinet of the Newark Conference was entertaining Bishop and Mrs. Oxnam at dinner. A daughter of one of the superintendents was seated next to the bishop. His manner with this just-turned-teenager was a wonder to behold, gracious, genial, jovial, never condescending, always informative. Just before the hour slipped to its close, the little lady measured the bishop carefully and said candidly, "Bishop Oxnam, I wish you were a member of my daddy's district!" No greater compliment could she pay this man than to be a co-worker with her father. It was a juvenile compliment which apparently he genuinely appreciated.

What a man he was! A man whose greatness was the growing harvest which the concern, the consecration, the affection of the lady of his heart provided all along the star-studded journey of his life. Without this companionship, the life we knew would never have been. With that companionship, the world shall ever be in his debt—and hers.

LLOYD C. WICKE

Two Conferences Top Crusade Goals

A wave of victory is sweeping through the New York and New York East Conferences as acceptances of the Fair Share Quotas by the churches indicate that both conferences will exceed their goals by several hundred thousand dollars.

Incomplete returns indicate that the New York Conference churches have accepted quotas totaling $1,619,000, or 107 per cent of the $1,500,000 goal.

In the New York East Conference where the quota is $3,366,000, acceptances exceeded the goal by $200, and more contributions are expected.

The parish solicitations were conducted between March 17 and 24 with both committees providing literature and other visual materials to help the workers.

Dr. William H. Alderson and Dr. Walter Scranton, chairman of the NYE and NY drives respectively, expressed deep satisfaction at the enthusiasm with which their churches conducted their campaigns.

Area Contributions Up

Area contributions to World Service totaled $501,114 for the first eight months of the fiscal year as against $465,368 for the corresponding period the previous year.

Conference totals were as follows with the previous year's figures in parenthesis: Newark, $132,625 ($120,671); New York, $80,066 ($78,032); New York East, $168,048 ($161,223); Troy, $120,374 ($105,440).

Scholarships Needed

The New York East Conference has set a goal of $5,000 for 200 scholarships to send boys and girls to Shelter Island and Sessions Woods next summer.

An appeal to Conference members to support the scholarship fund reveal that 146 young persons were helped last summer.

1963 Conference Dates

May 8-12—New York, Newburgh (N.Y.)
May 15-19—Troy, Lake Placid (N.Y.)
June 5-9—Newark, Drew University
June 11-16—New York East, Middletown (Conn.)

300 Years in Ministry Marked by 7 Strombergs

Two generations of Strombergs have this year given 300 years of service as Methodist ministers.

Five brothers, Karl, Leonard, Hjalmar, Edwin, and Frederick were honored at the 1912 General Conference as the only family of five in the ministry.

Two sons of Karl are now in the ministry: Dr. Asbury G. E. Stromberg of Lynbrook, N.Y., formerly superintendent of the Brooklyn North District, and the Rev. Carl W. Stromberg of Janesville, Wis. They recently presented the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn with a book by John Wesley published in 1818 entitled *The Family Advisor; or a Plain and Modern Practice of Physic* to which is attached "Mr. Wesley's Primitive Physic." It is on display in Phillips Chapel.

One of the older generation of Strombergs, Edwin, at 91 has outlived his brothers. He served churches in New Jersey and New York and was immigrant missionary for the Port of New York. He resides in Pleasantville, N.Y.

One member of the family, Sir Leonard, was knighted by King Gustav V of Sweden as the author of more than 50 novels. He was also a poet, editor, lecturer, and hymn writer and was the first foreign born man to receive an honorary Ph.D. degree from the University of Nebraska.

His brother, Hjalmar, was also an author and hymn writer and received a citation from the Austrian government for saving orphans from starvation in World War I.

Frederick and Karl of the older generation, served churches in the Middle West. Four of the seven were district superintendents.

The family has also produced a prominent area layman, Sven Stromberg of Pleasantville, N.Y., son of Edwin, and former New York Conference lay leader.

Honor Rev. C. O. Latimer

The Rev. Charles O. Latimer of Dannemora, N.Y., has been cited by the State Council of Churches as outstanding rural pastor of the year.

He was presented the John Frederick Oberlin service award at ceremonies in Ithaca, N.Y., by the Rev. Charles Knight of Au Sable Forks, who made the nomination.

Mr. Latimer was licensed as a preacher in 1936 and has served churches in Vermont and New York. He is a graduate of Hartwick College in New York state, and Boston University.

He has been chairman of the Troy Conference Rural Fellowship and the Town and Country Commission, is secretary of the conference committee on camps and conferences and a member of the board of education. He has been dean of Missisquoi Junior High Camp for 15 years and chairman of its commission for four years. He has been president of two county councils of churches.

Aldersgate Revisited -- 1738-1963

Warmth in the Name

During Aldersgate Year as Methodists around the world are celebrating John Wesley's heart-warming experience, it is interesting to note the number of area churches bearing the name "Wesley."

They are in Belleville, Paterson, and Roselle, N.J.; Staten Island, East Norwich, Franklin Square, and Wesley Chapel, N.Y.; and New Haven, Conn.

The new church in Dobbs Ferry-Irvington, N.Y., is "Aldersgate."

Youth Goal: Truck

Half the money raised April 28-May 3 in the New York Conference Festival of Sharing conducted by the Youth Council will go toward the purchase of a four-wheel drive truck for Camp Kingswood.

The other half will go to the Methodist Youth Fund. The decision was made by the Youth Council in cooperation with the Camps and Institutes Committee of the conference board of education.

An appeal for summer counselors for Camps Kingswood and Epworth has been made by the board. The number needed: 182.

Zero Worth $585,000

A zero doesn't always indicate nothing.

In the March issue of the *Area News,* thanks to those type gremlins, it appeared that Green Mountain College was constructing a very inexpensive dormitory for $65,000.

Add one zero—and it becomes $585,000 more than that: $650,000!

Bishop Speaks at Easter Service

Bishop Lloyd Wicke was the preacher at the Easter Dawn Service which was held at 7 A.M., April 14, in the Radio City Music Hall.

It was the 44th annual united service sponsored by the Protestant Council of the city of New York.

C. Hadley Smith Photo

The Rev. Charles Latimer gets State Council award from the Rev. Charles Knight.

John Wesley's heartwarming experience is being recalled in many area churches this spring as the spiritual descendants of the founder of Methodism prepare for special services, evangelism workshops, community calls and prayer vigils.

Brooklyn South District churches may use a special service prepared by the Rev. James McGraw assisted by the Rev. Richard J. Rice which dramatizes Mr. Wesley's visit to Aldersgate Street.

The district evangelism committee conducted a religious census of Brooklyn and called on 40 inactive members in the vicinity of Fisherman's Church. Suffolk County workers conducted a census of the Flanders area.

Aldersgate workshops are planned in the Newark Conference to study the purpose of the Aldersgate emphasis and suggest a program for each church on Aldersgate Sunday.

Glens Falls District ministers met at Pottersville church the day before Lent for a study of the meaning of Aldersgate for our experience. Four topics were discussed: *Wesley's Pre-Aldersgate Conflicts and Ours* led by the Rev. Thomas Peterson of South Glens Falls; *What Happened at Aldersgate?* led by the Rev. Herbert E. Bowen of Glens Falls; *Aldersgate and the Mission of the Church* by the Rev. Delbert B. Smith of Corinth; and *So What For Us Now?* by the Rev. Stanley A. Fry of Schroon Lake.

Three prominent speakers will discuss John Wesley in several churches of the *Troy District.* They are Dr. Edwin P. Booth of Boston University, Dr. Gerald Cragg of Andover-Newton Theological School; and Dr. Max Stokes of Emory Theological Seminary who is scheduled for fall.

Seven Burlington District churches will conduct a prayer vigil from May 1 through May 26 under the leadership of the Rev. James R. Osborne.

A district-wide rally will be held May 26 at Puffer Church, Morrisville, Vt. Dr. Arthur W. Hewitt will speak on the life of John Wesley and the Rev. Lloyd S. Van Norden will lead the singing of Charles Wesley hymns.

Subdistrict meetings to observe Aldersgate Sunday are planned in the Brooklyn South District under the leadership of Sidney Atkinson of Baldwin, district lay leader.

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Thirty percent	$2.52	63¢ each

(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: $3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. G. S. Gillette explains urgent needs of New York East Conference to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wheeler, left, and Mrs. Bob Plain of the Jesse Lee Church. Easton, Conn. Parish goal is $16,000.

Miss Esther Suomi, Miss Methodist Student Nurse of Brooklyn of 1963, receives hospital medallion from Director Vernon Stutzman in presence of Miss Edith Roberts, right, director of nursing.

Named Staff Assistant

Mrs. Paul M. Abels has been named assistant for children's work by the board of education of the Newark Conference. Her responsibilities cover all phases of work from nursery age through the junior department.

Women to Hear Kelsey

Dr. George Kelsey, professor of Christian ethics at Drew University, will be the speaker May 8 at the 23rd annual meeting of the New York East Conference WSCS at St. Mark's Church, Rockwell Centre, N.Y. His topic will be *The Nature of Our Stewardship.*

Drew's News

The Student-Faculty Board presentd a lecture series entitled *Five Views of Soviet Russia.* The topics were *Soviet Education, Sex, Love and Marriage in the Soviet Union, The Soviet Economy: A First-Hand Report, Religion in Soviet Russia and Contemporary Russian Literature.*

• Thirteen pastors representing seven nations are enrolled at Drew. They participated in two panel programs depicting the current situation in the lands they represent and the role of the church in this changing scene.

• D. J. Webb, a senior at the Methodist Theological School in Delaware, Ohio was awarded the second annual $3,500 Ralph W. Sockman Graduate Fellowship in Communications Study by TRAFCO. He will enter Drew next fall to work toward a doctor of philosophy degree.

Happy Birthdays!

Two Newark Conference brothers are each celebrating 120th birthdays this year —and they are not twins!

Actually, they're not 120 years old, either—but their churches are.

The Rev. Mahlon H. Smith, Jr., is pastor of Arcola Church in Paramus and the Rev. Alden T. Smith is pastor of the Passaic Church.

Founded in 1843, they once were attached to Cross Street M.E. Church, Paterson.

Troy Women Plan School

Four study courses will be offered women of the Troy Conference June 24-28 at the annual summer school of missions at Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vt.

They are *The Changing City Challenges the Church* with the Rev. George Teague of Glens Falls as the teacher; *The Christian Mission in Southern Asia* taught by Mrs. John M. Pearson of Newburgh; *The Christian Family and Its Money,* Mrs. Milton Randolph of Nashville, Tenn.; and *An Introduction to Three Spiritual Classics* by Mrs. Leon Adkins of Nashville.

New Faces—New Places

Newark Conference

The Rev. Linwood J. Bowen, transferred from the Troy Conference, the Danville Circuit, to Bergen Point.

The Rev. George F. Jackson, Jr., from Monclair to Summit.

New York East Conference

The Rev. Frank Howley supplying Stepney, Conn.

Marsh & Company Photo

The Rev. Ronald Vander Schaaf, New Market, N.J., center, and the Rev. Robert Grant, Suffern, N.Y., right, at Moral Man and Moral Society Workshop *in Chicago. At left is the Rev. Donald Kuhn of the General Board of Christian Social Concerns staff.*

Tasters Tea House turned spotlight on Hong Kong, Formosa, Korea and Taiwan at missions festival at Fourth Avenue Church, Brooklyn. Displayed were customs, artifacts, native dress. Slides and film, China in Dispersion, *also were shown at the festival.*

The Rev. I. A. Marsland, Jr., prepares cornerstone at the new Aldersgate Church.

New Horizons

A new parsonage has been purchased by Eastern Parkway Church, Schenectady, N.Y. The old one will be razed for an education wing.

A religious education building and fellowship center is planned at Patchogue, N.Y., Church.

Contracts have been let for a new parsonage at Newtonville, N.Y.

The cornerstone has been paid for the New Aldersgate Church at Dobbs Ferry-Irvington, N.Y.

Bishop Wicke consecrated the new education center at Simpson Church, Perth Amboy, N.J.

A development program has been approved by the Bedford Hills, N.Y., Church. It will include the erection of an education building.

Centenary Notes

The Aquatic Club sponsored the New Jersey AAU synchronized swimming meet in the Ferry Natatorium.

•

The Little Theater produced Jean Anouilh's version of *Antigone* with Miss Susan Gaillard of Scarsdale, N.Y., in a leading part.

•

Phi Theta Kappa's National magazine, *The Golden Key,* devoted 12 pages to a pictorial story of Centenary College in its January issue.

•

Fifteen students of radio on a field trip to New York City attended the John Gambling Show to observe his ad-lib radio techniques and watched the taping of the Merv Griffin show.

•

Jules Pagano, director of the professional, technical and labor division of the Office of Public Affairs, addressed the students on the Peace Corps.

The Short Circuit

Dr. Young

Dr. J. Otis Young will speak May 8 at the New York Conference observance of the 75th anniversary of Deaconess work. He is representative of the North Central Jurisdiction Commission on Deaconess work, and Associate Publisher of The Methodist Publishing House.

A new publication, the *New York East Conference Layman,* has appeared in the area. It is edited by William W. Reid, and published by Lay Leader Louis Hauser for the Conference Board of Lay Activities.

Twenty-year pastorates in New York City earned Protestant Council citations for Dr. Alfred S. Akamatsu, Dr. Allen E. Claxton, Dr. Robert A. Lowell, and Dr. William A. Tieck.

Dr. Loyd Worley, pastor of the Mary Taylor Memorial Church, Milford, Conn., was a guest of President Kennedy at a White House reception marking the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation.

In search of historic markers, the VFW Post in Belleville, N.J., is removing debris from an adjacent cemetery, established by Wesley Church, the oldest Methodist Church in New Jersey, whose chapel until 1900 stood next to the cemetery.

An appeal for support of Methodist work in Algeria comes from the Frank Jay Reids of First Church, Mechanicville, N.Y., after a seven weeks trip to Europe and North Africa. They visited their daughter, Sonia, an A-3 short-term missionary at Gamble Memorial Home in Constantine, Algeria.

The annual report of the Inner City Mission of the Albany Methodist Society, prepared by Henry McFarland, is entitled *Witnessing for Christ on a Shoestring.* The document is bound by—guess what —a shoestring!

David K. Merill, Monroe, Conn. artist, is donating an oil painting of the Stepney Church to be sold for the New York East Conference Urgent Needs Crusade.

The Rev. William E. Stone, 83, of New Milford, Conn., has been honored by the International Reform Federation of Washington, D.C., for 50 years of continuous support.

Recent God and Country award winners were Scouts Robert Trakimas, William Jayne, Paul Pierson, Charles Papazian, William McKinnon and Victor Mukai at Union Village Church, Berkeley Heights, N.J., and Gregory Powers at Centerport, N.Y. Miss Marilyn Sauer of Summit Avenue Church, Jersey City, N.J., received an award from Girl Scout leaders for outstanding work.

Dr. Allen E. Claxton of Broadway Temple-Washington Heights Church, New York City, received a citation for brotherhood from Washington Heights B'Nai B'rith.

The Rev. Chester E. Hodgson of King's Highway Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., will exchange pulpits this summer with the Rev. John Jackson of Darlington Street Church, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England.

Man of the Year is the title conferred upon the Rev. Harold V. W. Vink of New Milford, Conn., by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Roland Thorpe, 97, former deaconess, was honored during an observation of 75th anniversary of the deaconess movement at First Church, Springfield, Vt. With her is her minister, the Rev. Orrin Ireson.

Fan Letter Leads to Trip

It started when Elizabeth Szecsi read a travel book which spurred her imagination. Elizabeth is a Brooklyn high school student, one of the family of Hungarian refugees sponsored by St. Mark's Church.

She wrote a letter of appreciation to the author and sent it to the publisher to be forwarded.

She promptly received a reply from U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas! They corresponded for about six months and Justice Douglas invited Elizabeth and her younger sister, Agnes, to come to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schwartz, two of St. Mark's parishioners, took the girls to see him and they talked for an hour.

Leaders Plan Retreat

Members of all boards and agencies in the New York Conference will hold a retreat April 30-May 1 at Epworth near High Falls, N.Y., to plan next year's program.

In Memoriam

The Rev. Herman Giesen
New York Conference
March 3, 1963

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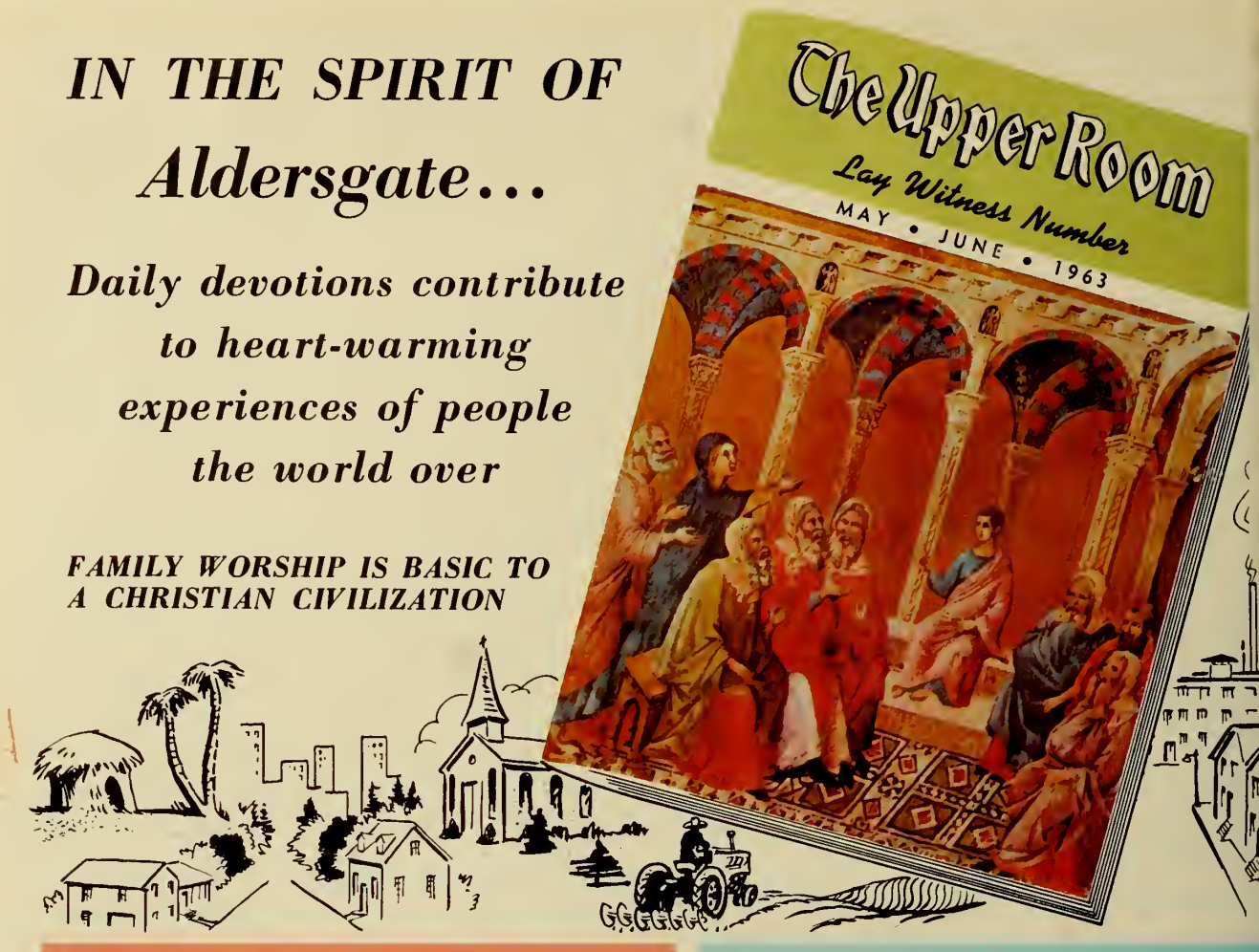

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